

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC



No. 269.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1879.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



MISS JOSEPHINE YORKE, OF THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

RAILWAYS.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

LINCOLN SPRING RACES, 24th, 25th, and 26th MARCH.

On SUNDAY, 23rd MARCH, a Special Passenger Train in connection with the 5.0 p.m. Express from King's Cross will leave GRANTHAM at 7.25 p.m. and arrive at LINCOLN 8.5 p.m.

A Special Express Train conveying 1st, 2nd and 3rd class passengers at ordinary fares will also be run to Lincoln as under:—

	Monday, 24th March.	Tuesday, 25th March.	Wednesday, 26th March.
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
King's Cross	dep. 8.40	8.55	8.55
Finsbury Park	" 8.48	9.3	9.3
Peterboro'	" 10.22	10.40	10.40
Grantham	" 11.40	11.30	11.25
Lincoln	arr. 11.40	12.25	12.10

On WEDNESDAY, 26th March, a Special Express Train conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class passengers will leave LINCOLN for London, Peterboro' Hitchin, and Cambridge as under:—

		p.m.
Lincoln	dep.	6.10
Peterboro'	arr.	7.30
Hitchin (for Cambridge)	"	8.30
Cambridge	"	9.35
London (King's Cross)	"	9.20

Return tickets will be available by these trains.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

London, King's Cross Station, March, 1879.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD AND LINCOLN-SHIRE RAILWAY.

LIVERPOOL SPRING RACES AND GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.

LINCOLN to LIVERPOOL in THREE Hours, by the Nearest and most Expeditious Route. On WEDNESDAY, 26th March, 1879, SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS will leave LINCOLN (G. N. Station) at 5.10, 5.45, 6.0, and 6.30 p.m., and run as under:—

	1.2, & 3 Cl. only	1.2, & 3 Cl. to M'chstr.	1.2, & 3 Cl. to L'pool.	1.2, & 3 Cl. to M'chstr. or L'pool.
	Fast.	Special Express.	Special Express.	Fast.
	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Lincoln (G. N. Station)	dep. 5.10	5.45	6.0	6.30
Liverpool (M.S. & L. Cent. Sta.)	arr. 8.45	9.0	9.50	
Manchester (London Road)	" 7.45	"	9.0	

Ordinary 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Single and Return Tickets will be available by these Trains. FIRST CLASS TICKETS only will be issued by the 5.45 p.m. Special Express Train to Liverpool. Tickets can be obtained at the Great Northern Station any time on Monday or Tuesday, and prior to the departure of the Express Trains on Wednesday. Compartments can be reserved upon application to Mr. Johnson, Great Northern Station, Lincoln. For ordinary Train Service see Bills.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

London Road Station, Manchester, March, 1879.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

LIVERPOOL SPRING RACES AND GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.

On WEDNESDAY, March 26th, a Special Express Train will run from LINCOLN to LIVERPOOL and MANCHESTER, leaving Lincoln at 5.45 p.m., and arriving at Manchester at 8.35 and Liverpool at 9.15 p.m.

On FRIDAY, March 28th, a Special Express Train will leave the Midland Station, Ranelagh Street, Liverpool, at 6 o'clock p.m., for London, Leicester, Birmingham, &c., arriving at London (St. Pancras) at 11 o'clock p.m., Birmingham 10.30, and Leicester 8.50 p.m.

The Trains will be first and third class, and ordinary fares will be charged. JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

Derby, March, 1879.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

NORTHAMPTON SPRING RACES, APRIL 1ST AND 2ND.

On TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, April 1st and 2nd, the Midland Company's Express Fast Trains between London and Northampton, via Bedford, will run as follows:—

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	noon	p.m.	p.m.
London (St. Pancras)	dep. 5.15	9.35	10.0	12.0	3.30	5.35
Northampton	arr. 9.25	11.25	12.0	2.0	5.30	8.7
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Northampton	dep. 8.10	9.50	2.5	4.40	6.0	6.50
London (St. Pancras)	arr. 10.30	11.50	4.15	6.45	7.55	8.55

On the same days a Fast Excursion Train for Northampton will leave VICTORIA (L.C. & D.) at 8.30, Moorgate-street 9.22, Aldersgate-street 9.24, Farringdon-street 9.26, King's Cross (Met.) 9.30, Camden-road 9.35, St. Pancras 9.35, and Kentish Town 9.40 a.m., returning from NORTHAMPTON at 6.0 p.m. each day. For further particulars see bills.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

Derby, March, 1879.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE: DIRECT ROUTE

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TRINACRIA	Sailed.	Sailed.
ANGLIA	Saturday, April 5	Saturday, April 12

First Class, 45 Guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel Walks, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; or to Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall-street, London, E.C.

MISS GLYN has the honour to announce that she will give THREE READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE at STEINWAY HALL, Lower Seymour-street, on the following TUESDAY Evenings:—March 25th, HAMLET; April 1st, MACBETH; April 8th, ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. To commence each evening at 8 o'clock precisely; doors open at 7.30. Tickets—Numbered Stalls, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. Family Tickets to admit five to numbered stalls, £1 1s. Subscription for three Readings, 10s. 6d. A plan of the hall may be seen and tickets obtained at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; Olivier's, 38, Old Bond-street; Chappell's, 50, New Bond-street; Hay's, Royal Exchange; and at Steinway Hall.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT having arrived in London from his tour round the world, will give his RECITATIONS and READINGS from Popular Authors, also imitations of Public Celebrities, including "Artemus Ward," "Mark Twain," "Josh Billings," Charles Keen, and Charles Dickens, at the STEINWAY HALL, Lower Seymour-street, Portman-square, London, W., MARCH 18th and 20th, at EIGHT o'clock p.m., and SATURDAY AFTERNOON, March 22nd, at THREE o'clock. The Programme will include Songs, Sketches of Travel, Serious-Comic Recitals, and Musical Illustrations. Tickets, 5s., 3s., and 2s. Tickets at Cramer's, 201, Regent-street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond-street; Hay's, Royal Exchange, E.C.; and at Steinway Hall.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. St. George's Hall, Langham-place.—"GRIMSTONE GRANGE," a Tale of the Last Century. By Gilbert and Arthur A'Beckett. Concluding with A TRIP TO CARIO, by Corney Grain. (Last Representations.) Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Morning performances, Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 6s.

HAMILTON'S AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.—Nightly at 8. Monday and Saturday at 3 and 8. ZULU WAR—just added, Battle of Isandula, giving from the most authentic sources, a life-like representation of the heroic stand against 20,000 Zulus by the gallant 24th. Cetewayo, the Zulu King, and his military Kruai, at Undini. Other events in rapid succession. HAMILTON'S ENTERTAINMENT and Colossal Scenery of Passing Events (Illustrated by a Powerful and Talented Company), including superb and realistic scenes of the Afghan War, Storming and Capture of the fortress of Ali Masjid. O I C M Minstrels. Human Tripod, war dance, by Zulu Warriors. Hair Brushing by Machinery. Prices from 6d. to 3s.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's Park, are OPEN Daily (except Sundays) from 8.0 a.m. to Sunset. Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. Amongst the most recent additions are a young male giraffe and an equine antelope. The Picture Gallery is Now Open.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

Engagement of Mr. Sothern previous to his departure for America, who will appear every evening at 8.20 as David Garrick; and on Saturday Mornings, at 2.30, as Lord Dundreary. Mr. Sothern's stay cannot be prolonged after April 5th.

LYCEUM.—MR. HENRY IRVING, Sole

Lessee and Manager. Every Evening, at Half-past Seven, Shakspeare's Tragedy of HAMLET. Mr. Irving, Messrs. Forrester, C. Cooper, F. Cooper, Swinbourne, Elwood, Pincro, K. Bellew, Gibson, Tapping, Robinson, Cartwright, Collett, Harwood, Beaumont, Everard, Johnson, A. Andrews, Mead, Miss Pauncefort, Miss Sedley, and Miss Ellen Terry. Stage Manager, Mr. H. J. Loveday. Acting Manager, Mr. Bram Stoker. Box-office open 10 to 5. Carriages at 11.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Last

weeks of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, ONCE AGAIN; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron 1,342nd and following nights). Concluding with A HIGHLAND FLING. Supported by Messrs. William Faren, Thomas Thorne, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Dillington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

OPERA COMIQUE.

H.M.S. PINAFORE.—Every evening, this successful nautical opera, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, by the original artistes; Messrs. G. Grossmith, R. Barrington, R. Temple, Clifton, and G. Power; Mesdames E. Howson, Everard, and Jessie Bond, at 8.30. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier. Preceded, at 7.45, by CUPS and SAUCERS, Mr. G. Grossmith, and followed by the new Vaudeville, AFTER ALL, by F. Desprez, music by A. Cellier. Morning Performance every Saturday at 2.30.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Manager.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Great

Success of Byron's new farcical piece, UNCLE, at 7.30. Revival for a few nights of Byron's celebrated Burlesque, THE BOHEMIAN GYURL. Open 6.30. Begin 6.45 with Operetta. Close 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. Afternoon Performances every Saturday, 2 to 5.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Mr. HARE, Lessee and Manager. Every Evening, at 7.45, COUSIN DICK. Mesdames Kate Pattison, C. Graham, M. Wenman. Punctually, at 8.30, THE LADIES' BATTLE. Mrs. Kendal, Miss C. Grahame, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Hare. Concluding with UNCLE'S WILL. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Doors open at 7.15. Acting Manager—Mr. Hux. SATURDAY MORNING, March 22nd, A SCRAP OF PAPER. Doors open at 2 o'clock, commence 2.30.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.

Managers.—HOLT and WILMOT. NEW BABYLON, by Paul Meritt. Everyone should see Tattersall's, Cremorne, Goodwood, and the Collision at Sev. Miss Caroline Hill and double Company. Magnificent scenery by Thomas Rogers. Three extra rows of Stalls have been added. Acting Manager, Mr. J. W. Currans.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH. Grand Revival (56th night) of Charles Reade's ITS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded by FAMILY JARS, at 7.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM. Every Evening at 9, the enormously successful new comedy, TRUTH, by Bronson Howard, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham will appear, supported by Messrs. H. Standing, Carton, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames L. Vining, M. Rorke, R. Norwood, E. Vining, R. Egan, F. Lee, and Mrs. Stephens. Preceded at 7.30 by MEG'S DIVERSION, by H. T. Craven. Supported by Messrs. Carton, Francis, Tritton, White, and Geo. Giddens; Mesdames Hewitt, Edgeworth, and M. Rorke. New scenery by Ryan. Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Box-office open from 10 till 5. No booking fees. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30.—Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

FIRST NIGHT of a NEW PLAY. By W. S. Gilbert, entitled GRETECHEN. On MONDAY next, March 24, and EVERY EVENING until further notice, at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7. Box-office hours 11 to 5. No booking fees.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—

LA POULE AUX ŒUFS D'OR.—EVERY EVENING, Mesdames Adelaide Newton and Constance Loseby. Messrs. Knight Aston, A. Cook, L. Kelleher, C. Power, Mat Robson, and E. Righton. The Girards, M. Brunet and Mlle. Reviere, the celebrated Buffo Duetists. Three Grand Ballets. Mlles. Pertoldi, Gellert, Rosa, Imra Rokoh, and Signora Malvena Canallazzi. Prices from 6d. to £2 12s. 6d. Commence at 7.30. Fourteenth Week.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. B.

WEBSTER. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. S. GATTI.—Every Evening at 7.45, THE HUNCHBACK. Miss Neilson, Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Harcourt, Flockton, R. Pateman, E. J. George, F. Charles Bernard, and Mr. Henry Neville. Preceded by WHO SPEAKS FIRST.—Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box-office open 10 to 5. No booking fees.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate. Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS. Immense Success of the great Adelphi drama, PROOF, with Miss Bella Pateman in her original character of Adrienne and also Madeleine. Mr. McIntyre as Pierre. Powerful company, scenery, and dresses. Monday, March 10th, at 7.15, the Adelphi drama, PROOF. Madeleine and Adrienne, Miss Bella Pateman; Pierre, Mr. McIntyre. Mesdames R. de Solla, Page, Neville, Rayner, Goward; Messrs. Walton, Percival, Chamberlain, Clarke, Gardiner, Vincent, Isaacson, &c. Conclude with a favourite farce.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.

Proprietor, T. G. CLARK. Every evening at 7, the new drama SEVEN YEARS AGO, Messrs. F. Shepherd; Mesdames Agnes, Thomas. Followed by the drama in four acts, by James Guiver, entitled, THE LAST STROKE OF MIDNIGHT, and supported by Messrs. James, Sennet, Grant, Monkhouse, Symms, Vincent, &c.; Mesdames Verner, Victor, A. Thomas, Denvil, &c. Conclude with the Ballet, THE COOKS OF THE KITCHEN, by the Great Lauri Troup.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.

Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE. Every Evening (Wednesday excepted) at quarter to seven. New Drama by R. Dodson, Esq., PENAL LAW. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Bigwood, Lewis, Drayton, Towers, Rhoyds, Milles, Adams, Bellair, Rayner. Musical Entertainment by Polly Randall and Fred Foster. Followed by BITTER COLD. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Newbound, Towers. Milles, Brewer, Summers. Concluding with EVERSLIGH HOUSE. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound. Milles, Bellair, Adams. WEDNESDAY, Benefit of Polly Randall. IDLE APPRENTICE, THE WATERMAN, EVERSLIGH HOUSE.

THE CANTERBURY THEATRE OF

VARIETIES. TRAFALGAR. The Victory at Sea. Moorish Dagger Ballet at Gibraltar. The West Indies. Jack ashore at Portsmouth. Songs and Hornpipes. Nelson's Departure from England. Castanet Ballet at Cadiz. On board the Victory. Musket Drill. Cutlass Drill. Shortening Sail. Beating to Quarters. The Battle. The Death of Nelson. The Daily Telegraph says: "Arranged in a manner well calculated to invite an expression of patriotic sympathies and evoke enthusiastic plaudits." The Observer says: "Surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted."

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT during the Evening: Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Mr. Fred Wilson, the Kiralfys, &c.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR.

CANTWELL," drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 248, Strand, London.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Annual Tour

of England, Scotland, and Ireland. THEATRE ROYAL, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, MONDAY, MARCH 17th, for TWELVE NIGHTS. All the principal Cities of the Empire to follow. All dates filled to end of Tour. Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

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Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR.

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The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

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Proprietor J. B. AMOR.

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Next week's ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain, in continuation of the series, "Lady Celebrities of the Hunting Field" a Portrait of Miss Cuyler—Sketches of Otter Hunting in Ireland—Our Artist's Jottings in a day at the Westminster Aquarium—The Grand National Hunt at Derby, by J. Sturgess—a Portrait of Carl Rosa—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—The Quorn Hunt Steeplechases—A double-page Portrait of Mr. Sothern as David Garrick, with other high-class engravings of an interesting character.

ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.

The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of its entertainments, surpasses all other rival establishments.

Open at 11.

Admission One Shilling.

11 to 1 Miscellaneous attractions. 1.15. Stokes on Memory. Monday and Fridays. 3.15. Concert by the Royal Aquarium Orchestra. 3.30 and 8.15. Renowned Variety Entertainment. The Martinetti Troupe in Grand Ballet, Robert Macaire; the Brothers Dare; Ais's Performing Dogs; Carl Lind; La La. 5.30. Blondin. Immense success. 6.0. Toby, the seal, will go through his performance in the large seal tank. 6.0. Recital on the Great Organ by Mr. W. H. Handley. 7.30. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert. Vocalists—Mme. San Martino Campobello and Mr. James Sauvage. 8.30. Second Unsurpassed Variety Entertainment. 10.30. Blondin.

Afternoon Theatre, Royal Aquarium. Miss Litton has the honour to announce that this Theatre, entirely redecorated, is now open under her management. Every day, at three precisely, revival of Goldsmith's comedy SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. The new scenery by Mr. Perkins. On this occasion Mrs. Stirling will enact Mrs. Hardcastle; Miss Meyrick, Miss Neville; and Miss Litton, Miss Hardcastle; Mr. W. Faren, Young Marlow; Mr. J. Ryder, Mr. Hardcastle; Mr. E. F. Edgar, Hastings; and Mr. Lionel Brough, Tony Lumpkin; supported by full company by kind permission of their respective managers. Miss Litton trusts to merit the same kind patronage in her present venture that the public have accorded her in her previous managements. Box-office open from 11 a.m. till 5; seats may also be secured at the libraries. Stalls, 7s.; dress circle, 6s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM. Now

on View, a fine PORPOISE. The only living specimen in captivity. Sea Lions, with young one. Alligators and Crocodiles in their new cavern. Living Birds, and by far the largest collection of fishes in the world. New Terrace Garden and Promenade, the most elegant in the Kingdom. G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

SOMETHING in the nature of a preface seems to be necessary at the beginning of another—the Eleventh—Volume of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS. It is difficult, however, to treat the subject adequately, for we know what captious critics are, and some of them might be inclined to say that the showman was dealing too partially with the exhibition if he gave his real impressions. Rather let us thank friends in all quarters of the world for the tokens of appreciation which constantly arrive, not the least satisfactory proof of their sincerity being the steadily-increasing list of subscribers. Sportsmen of all ranks, from, we may say deliberately, the very highest in the land, are warm supporters of this journal; and that the dramatic element is not neglected will be readily confessed by all who are good enough to take an interest in us. Many suggestions which have come from various quarters we have acted upon, and if other hints have apparently been neglected, it is for what seem to us the most cogent reasons. New type, certain improvements in the processes by which drawings are reproduced, and some trifling alterations in the arrangements of various portions of the paper, will mark the beginning of this volume. Our friends will, we are well assured, be gratified to know that while the progress of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS has of late been more than satisfactory to its conductors, signs of further prosperity are still visible on all sides. To those who have assisted in bringing matters to this most agreeable condition our warmest thanks are tendered. That nothing will be neglected that can in any way contribute to the success and position of the paper is an assurance for which we can hardly take credit; for, to be practical, in these days of eager competition, a journal which is not made thoroughly worthy of encouragement finds its level with startling rapidity. The support which has been so liberally awarded to us on all hands gives us most welcome confidence and courage in the pleasant task of starting Volume Eleven.

ANYONE in search of a neat little farm should see what there is for disposal in Queensland, and might especially make inquiries as to the Maranoa plot, which is, or lately was, for sale by auction at Menzie's Hotel, Melbourne. Lot 1 consists of a compact little estate, enclosing an area of 350,000 acres, with the cattle thereon, all of the very best breed, amounting to 16,000 head. If the purchaser fancies that this will be too small to occupy his attention, he can also buy Lot 2, which is somewhat larger. This is called Bullamon Station, is a first-class breeding and fattening country, comprising an area of 650,000 acres. The herd of cattle on this lot is stated to be the best bred in Australia: certainly there is no better, the owner fearlessly asserts, and the herd numbers rather over 17,500 head. In all, therefore, the two lots include just about a million acres, with a little less than 34,000 cattle. Truly some of Mother England's sons are very big children.

CONCERNING General Roberts's behaviour in dismissing from the camp the only impartial critic, Mr. McPherson, of the *Standard*, and endeavouring to arrange that all the correspondents of London papers shall be members of his own staff, I have heard but one opinion, and do not repeat it, because what it is will be apparent to every gentleman who reads these lines. The value of history written after this fashion, especially as General Roberts has shown himself so deeply sensitive to criticism, is not high. Mr. McPherson is well-known as a gentleman in every sense of the word. Concerning his ability there can be no question; and that General Roberts should have acted as he has done simply shows that his good feeling equals, without surpassing, his common sense. The amusing part of the story is General Roberts's appointment of Captain Prettyman as Special Correspondent of the *Standard*. Captain Prettyman—who seems to have behaved very badly to Mr. McPherson, a gentleman at least equal to himself in rank—accepted the appointment, and has very diligently fulfilled what he fondly imagines to be his duties. It happens, however, that as General Roberts does not happen to be editor of the *Standard*, poor Prettyman is wasting his time, for the MSS. are, there can be no doubt, simply shot with other rubbish into the waste-paper basket. One can imagine the unfortunate Captain Prettyman meditating epigrams all day on the genius of General Roberts and the marvellous talent of his staff, and sitting down after the day's work to polish them up and send them off to the *Standard*. Writing for publication is

trying work for the unaccustomed pen. Nominative cases have a disagreeable habit of hiding themselves in a corner just when one wants them; spurious nominatives lead misguided verbs astray, until they agree with those from whom they ought to differ; adjectives will not come when they are wanted; and relative pronouns crop up in the wrong places. With all these difficulties poor Prettyman has struggled and is struggling, possibly, spurring himself on to the unwonted task by calculating how many columns he has written, at how much a column, and what a gorgeous cheque is accumulating for him. That all the epigrams, all the trouble, and all the glorification of self and friends should come to no more honorable home than a waste-paper basket, and that there will consequently be no cheque at all, will prove serious blows to the industrious but misguided Captain.

ONE of the funniest stories I have heard for a very long time, is my friend "Mr. Eccles'" description of how he caught innumerable bats one night. It was many years ago, when he was young in his profession, and while on a tour with a provincial company, he had taken lodgings in a clean but rather dilapidated little house. Soon after going to bed he fell asleep, and soon after falling asleep he was awakened by a strange fluttering noise as of a frightened bird, in the curtains of his bed. He sprang up, struck a light, and saw a dark-coloured little creature with wings blundering about the room. Not being well acquainted with natural history, Mr. Eccles that was to be, did not recognise it as a bat, but determined to catch it—if possible—and examine it carefully in the morning. Taking up a soft felt hat he began the hunt, and tried to capture the intruder for a long time in vain; but at last he pounced upon it, carefully took it from under the hat, shut it in a drawer, listened to its ineffectual struggles to escape—wanting to be sure that he had really caught it—and went to bed to dream of flying dragons. But he was not destined to sleep for long. Hardly had he dozed off when another fluttering awakened him, and lighting another match he found another bat. After this one he had another hunt, caught it, put it in the drawer with its brother, and again went to bed. Again, however, he was awakened in a similar manner; bats came not in single spies, but—if the expression be pardonable—in battalions. Mr. Eccles hunted diligently and enthusiastically, making quite a collection of specimens, and putting them all with great care in the drawer. Heated with the chase, he then opened the window and, tired out, at last enjoyed a few minutes' sleep. Waking with the morning light he jumped out of bed and opened the drawer very cautiously, a fraction of an inch at a time, to look for his bats; but, lo and behold, there were no bats there. He opened the drawer wide, and then discovered that it had no back to it. He had, in fact, been passing all his night in catching the same bat, which had flown out at the back of the drawer as soon as he had put it in at the front, and when the window was opened had finally escaped.

A WRITER in an evening paper appears to have a special and peculiar objection to long-distance walking competitions, in which I must say that I agree with him. Thus he delivers himself concerning a recent event in which a "limping lunatic" took a prominent part:—"It is not at all surprising that one of the American limping lunatics, who are otherwise called 'long-distance champion pedestrians,' should have shot his trainer, the only wonder being that in the land of freedom and firearms several of the silly creatures who are engaged in these competitions should not have revenged themselves on their tormentors. Peter Van Ness is the name of the walker, and Joseph Burgoine is the victim of what the reporters call a 'wild freak.' Van Ness was engaged in walking a number of miles in a number of hours, and was resting in his cot when the bell rang to announce that it was time for his reappearance. Too wearied to rise he dozed on, when three or four men ran into his room, pulled him out of bed, set him on his aching legs, and wanted him to start off round the track once more. Van Ness resisted, the men began to hustle him about, and he suddenly reached his revolver out of a valise which was standing in the corner of the room, and fired the six barrels at random. 'You can see where the balls went,' Van Ness said to the reporter, who, of course, went at once to interview him, and he pointed to six huge indentations on the walls and against the door. 'One of the shots grazed the left elbow of Burgoine, making a flesh wound. Then they took the revolver away from me and threw water over my face. I was taken out on the track after this and walked around during the hour, they say, but I don't remember anything about it.' Burgoine himself has a clearer recollection of the circumstances. According to this authority, Van Ness has behaved 'queerly' before, as can be easily believed of a limping lunatic. The nervous twitching of the muscles of Mr. Burgoine's face indicated that he was suffering considerable pain from his wound, and he told the reporter, speaking slowly between the twitches, that he was only just leading Van Ness out of the room, when the long-distance champion pedestrian drew his revolver and put six shots in the wall, one *via* his trainer's arm. He furthermore assured the reporter that the wound was very painful indeed, so much so that he could not talk. It is very sad, indeed, that long-distance champion pedestrians should give way to the unholy desire of shooting anybody; but if they do so succumb, they would show more common sense if they aimed at the originators of the 'sport' instead of at those who are only the instruments of the originators."

I AM not sure that the popular notion as to our being a nation of equestrians would bring confirmation to an "impartial mind" if the owner of that rare and valuable attribute were to carry it to the park. A good many of the gentlemen who ride there bump in a way which shows what would inevitably happen if the horse were to have an awkward fit; and some of the ladies shoot up, every time they leave the saddle at an angle from the perpendicular, which is at once ugly and inexcusable, to say nothing of its being sadly productive of sore backs to the horses. A few hours of such a performance as I witnessed last Saturday at Captain Fitzgerald's Military Riding School, Glou-

cester Crescent, would do a great deal, both for the hands and seats of unpractised riders. To the music of a band, which may or may not be a necessary accompaniment, a drill on horseback took place, and I believe takes place at intervals. If the pupil wants a skittish animal, Captain Fitzgerald—an old officer of Lancers—can oblige him or her: ladies were in the majority on the occasion. If he or she desires a sedate animal morally incapable of giving a rider trouble, that also is forthcoming; and the drill consists of trotting and cantering round the school, in which there is plenty of room, circling to right and left, threading lines of horses standing down the middle of the building, and performing other evolutions which tend to instil into the rider an acquaintance with the mysteries of horsemanship. A low hurdle for the more advanced pupils would have been an improvement, and a few turns round the place without stirrups would have been an extremely useful part of the lesson. Considering how many people who ride regularly and badly would benefit by a few hours at Captain Fitzgerald's, I wonder his school is not more thronged than it is; unless, indeed, as is possible, he takes precautions against over-crowding.

THE art of describing a character in a few well-chosen words is rare among dramatists. In *Truth*, at the Criterion, there is rather a happy hit when inquiry is made as to the whereabouts of the disagreeable moral mother-in-law, and the querist is told that she is "drowning the kitten." Although she has just arrived at the house, the discovery that no one in it can be found to put a watery end to the little stranger would surely have induced her to undertake the painfully pleasing duty. But a still better and more expressive line I heard the other night, in an *impromptu* charade at the house of a famous amateur actor—if I say a deservedly famous one, I shall draw the circle into exceedingly narrow limits. The word was "rate," and the master of the house, who had to discharge the obligation thereby implied, was a very careful man. At last, however, he was quite overcome by the accumulating sorrows of this transitory sphere: several last straws—a regular bundle—broke his patient back, and his faithful maid came from the room to which he had been driven to escape the importunities of the rate-collector, with his last words, "Please, ma'am, master's going to commit suicide; but"—preserving his characteristic to the very last—"he said I was to clear away the breakfast first."

LADIES and gentlemen who are not happily married, and think that they ought to have better luck next time, should try Arizona. In this favoured sphere divorce is the easiest thing possible—except, perhaps, the discovery of a partner to fill the place of the quasi widow or widower. "Such facilities for dissolution of connubial partnership," an American journal says, "have never been afforded in any part of the Republic, and in some of the Western States facilities of the sort have always been ample. All that is now required in Arizona, it is said, is the residence of one of the parties of a single week. No complaint, no notification to the absent wife or husband, is necessary; the simple expression of a desire to be disjoined is sufficient." An influential member of the Californian Legislature, who was in a little matrimonial difficulty or two, set himself to work to get a bill passed which would meet the exigencies of the case. The bill was passed, and a great many other people find that it meets the exigencies of their cases also. A disagreeable, cynical, unbelieving, and generally offensive person has promulgated an opinion that as soon as this fact is widely known, shares in the Southern Pacific Railway, which goes to Arizona, will be at a premium.

THOSE who delight in beguiling their fellow-creatures by what are currently known as "sells" may be interested in the account of an ingenious device which was successfully tried on the other evening. A gentleman took an uncorked bottle of champagne from the table and offered bets to any amount—small ones for preference, as the trick was admittedly a "sell"—that he would drink a glass of champagne from out of that particular bottle without drawing or piercing the cork, without causing it to be drawn or pierced, and without breaking or in any way injuring the bottle. The utter impossibility of accomplishing such a thing might have induced the incautious to bet against its being done, but we preferred humbly to ask how it could be accomplished; and thereupon the holder of the bottle simply turned it upside down, poured a glass of champagne into the hollow at the bottom, and undoubtedly drank it from and out of the bottle.

IT has been wisely suggested that the Government should put a heavy tax on the portraits of popular burglars, professional beauties, and other notorious characters; and if there be any surplus after the Budget has been satisfactorily arranged, so that it is possible to reduce other taxes which work mischievously, it would be well to repeal the duty on Spanish and Portuguese wines. Many people, who cannot drink beer, take claret, not because they like it, but because they do not know what else to drink; and a genuine light sherry or even port, at a low price—the natural wine of the country—would be a great boon. You can, of course, buy what passes for sherry at almost any price, but the reports of those who have ventured on rash experiments are calculated to deter even the courageous. It is by no means certain that a large reduction of the duty on Spanish and Portuguese wines would not bring about such an increase in the consumption that the revenue would not suffer in the end; but this is a question for political economists. All that is generally wanted is a decent bottle of light but sound and wholesome sherry, at a fairly low price.

RAPIER.

PROFESSOR PEPPER has accepted an engagement in the Australian Colonies for the purpose of showing to the inhabitants of the Antipodes a new mystical illusion that he has just perfected, and which he says will rival in popularity his famous "Ghost." At the request of the directors of the Royal Polytechnic, Professor Pepper has promised, before leaving England, to devote one week (commencing on the 31st inst.) to showing his extraordinary invention at the Polytechnic Institution, where he will take leave of his numerous friends and the British public.

CELEBRATED MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

(CONTINUED.)

ARCHANGELO CORELLI.

In a diary kept at Rome in 1697, a young Scotchman wrote: "I cannot mention here Corelli without adding a little more about him. He was the chief violinist as well as the chief composer of the age, and perhaps carried both these talents a greater length than ever they had been known before. His manner on the violin is charming, and exceeds what can be well imagined possible on that instrument. His arcade (bowing) is inimitable, both for softness and strength, for at the same time he forces out a sound that is like to tear the ear in pieces; nothing can be imagined more great or so strong; one would think that by degrees he raises a sound to the height of a trumpet, and softens it down again to the breathing of a zephyr. . . . In his compositions he is exact and curious to the last degree. He gains a great deal of money, and loves it for the sake of laying it all out in pictures, and, indeed, few private men in the world have such a noble collection of the best originals, from Raphael down to Carolo Marotti. He seldom teaches anybody, yet because he was pleased to observe me so much taken with him, he allowed me three lessons a week during all the time I stayed in Rome. When I saw him first he was beginning to compose his first work, a violin solo, and he completed it while I stayed with him. He was a well-natured man, and, on many accounts, deserved the epithet which all the Italians gave him of the *Divino Archangelo*." Corelli was then between thirty and forty years of age, and had long held a distinguished position in the musical world both as composer and performer. He was born at Fusigna in 1653, and received his earliest musical lessons at Rome, from a singer in the Papal chapel named Simonelli.

In the year 1686 the eyes of Rome were turned hopefully towards England, where James II. was rapidly lowering the mask which had concealed his desire to re-establish the Roman Catholic religion. James had ordered the discharge from his army in Ireland of all Protestants, officers and men alike; he had prohibited the preaching of controversial sermons; Roman Catholics were favoured at court, in the law courts, in the army, and in Parliament; and the king wrote to the Scottish Parliament, "recommending to their special care his innocent Roman Catholic subjects." In the King's chapel, in the midst of the camp on Hounslow Heath, Roman Catholic services were regularly performed, monks once more wandered about in



ARCHANGELO CORELLI

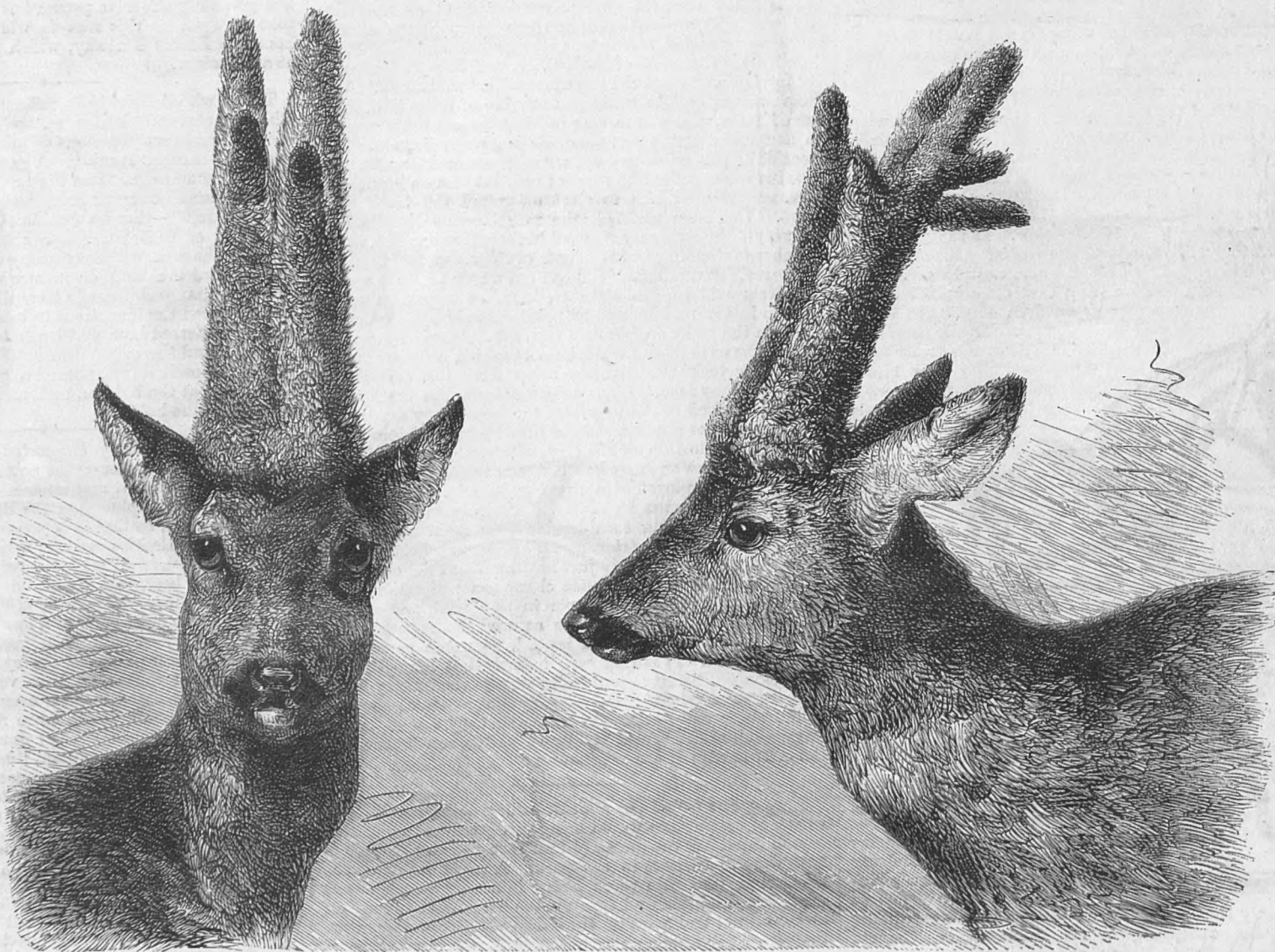
Whitehall, and in most of the chief towns the Jesuits were encouraged to erect their colleges and schools. Moreover, James sent an ambassador to Rome with unusual marks of pomp and dignity, and with instructions to be specially industrious in arriving at a good understanding with the Pope.

The Pope responded right joyously, and Rome was given up to welcoming festivities and entertainments. Amongst these were a grand concert of music and an allegorical opera, to celebrate the accession of a Catholic prince to the English throne, in which the Thames, Fame, and a Good and Evil Genius were symbolically introduced by the famous poet Alessandro Guidi. The chorus was over one hundred strong, and the orchestra of 150 performers was led by Archangelo Corelli.

About the year 1700, Corelli was leader of the opera band at Rome. At this time, and during the rest of his life, he enjoyed the favour of Cardinal Ottoboni, a liberal and enlightened patron of poetry and the fine arts. He conducted the musical entertainments given by the cardinal in his palace every Monday evening. Here he became acquainted with Handel. One evening, a serenata, composed by Handel, entitled "*Il Trionfo del Tempo*" (afterwards brought out in London with English words, under the title of "*The Triumph of Time and Truth*"), was performed. Corelli, in leading the band, did not play the overture to the satisfaction of the composer, who, with his usual impetuosity, snatched the violin out of his hand. Corelli, with that gentleness which marked his character, merely said, "*Miocaro Sasone, questa musica è nello stilo Francese, di che io non m'intendo.*"—"My dear Saxon, this music is in the French style, which I do not understand." Corelli's solos for the violin, the best and most popular of all his works, were published at Rome in 1700, and dedicated to Sophia Charlotte, Electress of Brandenburg, but the concluding part of his life was melancholy. Young players began to surpass him in powers of execution, and the mortifications he suffered on that account preyed on his sensitive mind and shortened his days.

On Friday evening, the 15th inst., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Calvert took a benefit at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, and were greeted most enthusiastically by a very large audience. The performance commenced with a farce, after which *The Merchant of Venice* was presented, Mr. Calvert appearing as Shylock and Mrs. Calvert as Portia. At the close of the play Mr. and Mrs. Calvert, in answer to the loudly-expressed wishes of the audience, came before the curtain, and Mr. Calvert, in a few well-chosen words, acknowledged the cordiality of the reception.

The Sevenoaks coach, it is said is to be revived this season.



CURIOUS ANTLERS.

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ties, she has obtained such a firm holding on the sympathy of Brighton playgoers that it will be a long time before others will endeavour to supersede her. The compliment paid her on Saturday should be sufficient to proclaim how popular she has made herself. Miss Stuart, moreover, is ably supported by the other members of the company, and now that they have run into fair working order we doubt very much if they will find any company in the country to supersede them on the score of vocal ability and general "go." At the conclusion of the Brighton engagement Mr. Scanlan will visit Bradford, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Dublin, and other important towns in the provinces, where we have no doubt his clever company will command the success it deserves, under such experienced management.

Miss Lydia Thompson and the company from the Folly Theatre have migrated for a fortnight to the Park, where they are doing good business.

Mr. Edgar Bruce opens the Royalty Theatre at Easter with *The Zoo*—by no means an attractive sketch—and a farcical comedy, supplied him from the many pieces Mr. Wyndham has secured. It is a pity he did not try some new hand.

It is understood that *The Lady of Lyons* will succeed *Hamlet* at the Lyceum, but arrangements are not yet finally concluded.

The Vokes Family will appear in a new extravaganza at the Aquarium at Easter. It is rumoured that Mr. F. B. Chatterton has secured a private box on the occasion.

Madame Favart will be given at the Strand on the 12th of April. Apropos of that little theatre a complimentary benefit is being organised for Mrs. Swanborough.

The Hunchback will be revived at the Adelphi to-night, pending the production of *Amy Robarts*. The cast will include Messrs. Vezin and Neville and Misses Neilson and Lydia Foote.

The revival of *The Ladies' Battle* at the Court is a great success, and Mrs. Kendal's acting in it is simply perfect.

Mr. Sothern played Lord Dundreary at a morning performance at the Haymarket on Saturday last, and the familiar impersonation went as well as ever. It is a pity this delightful actor leaves us so soon.

A morning performance, sanctioned by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., Commander-in-Chief, &c., &c., will be given at the Royalty Theatre, Dean-street, W., by the Inseparables Amateur Dramatic Club, on Saturday, March 29, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the men of the 24th Regiment and others of the Imperial and Colonial troops who recently fell in the disastrous action at Isandula, Natal. The comedy, in three acts, entitled *A Scrap of Paper*, will be performed by the club, with the kind assistance of Miss Herbert, who has consented for the occasion to resume the part of Louise, originally played by her at the St. James's Theatre. Tickets may be obtained of the hon. sec., Mr. C. Williams, 19, Grosvenor-street, W.; of Mr. J. G. Wilmot, 9, Osnaburgh-terrace, N.W.; of Mr. H. W. Linford, Junior Carlton Club, S.W.; or at any of the principal libraries.

Mr. Herbert Standing, of the Criterion Theatre, has entered into an engagement with Mr. D'Oyly Carte to appear at the Opera Comique in comic opera. Mr. Standing has a very powerful tenor voice.

Mr. F. H. Celli will end his long connection with the Carl Rosa Opera Company to-day. He is engaged by Madame Dolaro, and will appear at the Folly Theatre on the 14th of April, in a part specially suited to him.

THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed; in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

MESSRS. J. AND C. BOYD AND CO.'S EMPLOYEES gave a dramatic and negro entertainment at St. George's Hall, on Thursday last, in aid of the Earlwood Asylum. Punctuality was not observed, for it was 7.15, when, as a token of loyalty, it being the Duke of Connaught's wedding-day, "God Save the Queen" was sung in place of an overture. The first item on the programme, *Our Bitterest Foe*, I am compelled to say, was by no means a success. Von Rosenberg (Mr. G. R. Smith) wanted intensity and feeling, and he might at least have taken his helmet off when in the house and talking to the lady of his heart. Neither when he was supposed to have left the room was there any necessity for him to remain in the doorway partially visible to the house. Henri de la Fère (Mr. W. Binfield), to make a bad joke, was fair; he improved as he proceeded, and his discovery of himself to his foe was well done. Miss Jessie Carlyon played Blanche without an atom of feeling, speaking her lines like a school girl. I would remind her that Henri is not pronounced *Onry*, and it would have been more in keeping had she worn black instead of colours. After a long wait the curtain drew up upon *Old Soldiers*, which, after what was to have been expected from the first piece, turned out a pleasing surprise. Mr. Ockenden, as Lionel Leveret, lacked ease, otherwise he was far from bad. Mr. Binfield's Cassidy was very good indeed. The accent was well sustained, and there was no exaggeration; great praise is due to this gentleman. Mr. Marvin was not as successful as he might have been in his make up (as McTavish), and he wanted energy and force. Mr. Robinson as Gordon Lockhart was sadly awkward. Mr. Smith looked and played Major Fang to the life. The wretched Mawhen found a representative in Mr. Symon. As Kate McTavish Miss M. Montgomery played very prettily, and quite won the sympathies of her audience. Miss Carlyon was not gentle and tender enough for Mary Moss. She never seemed to identify herself with the part. As the old soldier, Mrs. Major Moss, Miss Lizzie Henderson was capital; her scene with Lionel in the second act fairly brought down the house. I had almost forgotten to mention that during the first piece the prompter was partially visible the whole time; more care should have been taken in this respect.

THE BATS.—This club gave their second performance on the 13th inst. at the King's Cross Theatre, when the *pièce de résistance* was Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy *An Unequal Match*. Mr. Peyton was very much overweighted in the part of Harry Arnelife. Mr. Bola made Blenkinsopp a simple buffoon. As Sir Sowerby Honeywood Mr. W. Flower was fair, but what was his object in appearing with such an excessively dirty face in the last act I am at a loss to understand. Mr. Desmond made a very good Dr. Botcherby, and played with plenty of humour and without exaggeration. Tofts (Mr. Henry) came into the drawing-room with his hat on—little mistakes like these should always be avoided. Captain Chillingham, Dummkopf, and Ober Kelter found representatives in Messrs. Hinton, Mellon, and Hill. Mr. Edwins was shockingly made up as Grazebrook; otherwise he was fair. Miss Howe made a pleasant Hester, and Miss Mapleson was quiet and effective as Mrs. Montessor; Miss Leslie found a fitting part in Bessy, and Misses Maybury and Selwyn completed the caste as Lady Curlewis and Lady Honeywood. The performance began with the farce of *The Lottery Ticket*.

NEVILLE DRAMATIC SCHOOL.—The pupils of this institution gave a performance at St. George's Hall on Saturday, the 15th

instant. The words "first appearance," and "first appearance on any stage," which occurred so frequently in the programme, went far to disarm criticism, but in many cases there was no need for this implied apology. That great care had been bestowed upon the *corps dramatique* was evident from the first, and if drilling could have done everything I should have had an easy task. The farce of *John Dobbs* served to introduce Mrs. Grey to the stage in the character of Mrs. Chesterton. I must congratulate the lady on her *début*; she played in an easy, natural manner, which did her great credit. Miss E. Bell was not nearly so good as Lucy; she was stiff, and her laugh was forced and unreal. Mr. E. W. Bayley in the title rôle made a good impression; at first he appeared to be nervous, but this gradually worked off, and he was then enabled to do credit to himself and his instructor. Mr. Kenneth Lorton as Fallowfield spoiled his performance by exaggeration; his make-up, however, was very good. Mr. J. Ryland was sufficiently vulgar as Paternoster, but he was inclined to be too noisy. Major Frankman (Mr. Redfern) was far too young, more like an ensign than a major. Mr. Grove filled the small part of John. I cannot refrain from a word of praise with regard to the costumes used in *The Lady of Lyons* which followed; they were without exception handsome and appropriate. Miss Ida Verner (Pauline) had learnt her lesson well; too well, in fact, for every word was spoken as if she were saying it to her instructor. There was little natural emotion about it; every action was studied till nature was killed by art, and what I have said of Pauline refers equally to the Claude of Mr. Darnley. Time and experience will no doubt tone down the faults in both the young players, and I shall hope to see them again. Miss Dickens was a good Madame Deschappelles, and Mrs. Harley a fair widow Melnotte. Glavis found a good representative in Mr. Jerome, and Mr. Ewing deserves a word of praise for his Beauseant. How to describe the Gaspar of Mr. Lorton I know not; if he meant it as a burlesque he attained his object, otherwise it was signally bad. Deschappelles, Damas, and the Landlord were capably represented by Messrs. Wilton, Bayley, and Berlyn.

THE THESPIANS gave a performance at the Aquarium Theatre on the 15th inst. in aid of the Commercial Travellers' Schools, before a house crammed from stalls to gallery. In *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, Mr. Gray's Bob Brierly was a good sound piece of acting from first to last. And the same may be said of Mr. Horsnail's Jem Dalton. But his cap was the most extraordinary piece of head-gear I have seen. Mr. J. Pitt, as Hawkshaw deserves praise; Mr. Parker, in the part of Melter Moss, abstained from any attempt at the Jewish accent, and confined his attention to his acting and make up, which were both good. Mr. J. Barker was very funny as Green Jones, and managed the orthodox lisp and chuckle to perfection. Mr. Stollery appeared hardly at home as Mr. Gibson. Miss Kate Carlyon made a mischievous Sam, and won considerable applause. The small part of Maltby was well filled by Mr. Hardy; and Messrs. A. Chandler and H. B. Lott were Brunton and Sharpe respectively. To Miss Montgomery as Mary Edwards I must give unqualified praise; the tenderness and feeling she displayed quite won the hearts of her audience. The Emily St. Evremond of Miss Lizzie Henderson was effective and amusing. Miss Nellie Williams played with care as Mrs. Willoughby. I am compelled to find fault with the last scene, an old city churchyard. In the first place the scenery was bad, the back cloth representing a well wooded country road; and there were no indications of its being a churchyard at all. In the next place the lights were a great deal too high; it was more like the middle of the day than the middle of the night. And in the last place the action flagged; it did not "play close." The performance commenced with *Mrs. Green's Snug Little Business*.

THE HALSBRACE DRAMATIC CLUB gave a performance on the 18th inst. at the Assembly Rooms, Wandsworth, to a crowded audience. I journeyed down from London for the express purpose of witnessing it; but when I arrived, soon after the commencement of the first farce, I could obtain neither a seat nor a programme, and therefore am unable to give any account of the proceedings.

TOM STYLUS.

THE net proceeds of the entertainment given in aid of the Earlwood Asylum for Idiots by the employees of Messrs. J. and C. Boyd and Co., at St. George's Hall, on the 13th ult., amounted to £80. Six previous performances have yielded over £485 to the funds of the institution.

AN AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE will be given at the Aquarium Theatre, on Monday next, in aid of the Printers' Pension Corporation. The bill contains the attractions of *Box and Cox*, *The Lady of Lyons*, and *The Two Bonnycastles*, and the cast contains some names well-known in journalistic circles. There is every reason to believe that the Institution will be greatly benefited by the performance.

THE Royal pack of buckhounds met a large field on Tuesday, at Two Mile Brook, in the Taplow district. The Earl of Hardwicke and a number of the London division went down from Paddington by Great Western train to Slough Junction, and rode thence to the fixture, to which a couple of fine deer had been brought from Ascot by Frank Goodall, the Queen's huntsman. One of them was turned out, and gave a short and unsatisfactory run by way of Salt Hill and the High-street, Slough, to Turner's Royal Nurseries, where it was left in the grounds. Another stag was uncared to the west of the village, in order that the field might not be disappointed.

THE 141st anniversary festival of the Royal Society of Musicians was held on Tuesday evening, at Willis's Rooms. The Earl of Dunmore presided, in the absence of the Earl of Aberdeen, and was supported by the Rev. Dr. Cox, Sir T. Gladstone, Sir T. Bernard, Mr. Read, Professor Macfarren, Mr. Cocks, Mr. W. Macfarren, Sir J. Benedict, Mr. Harold Thomas, Mr. John Thomas, Professor Hullah, Dr. Joachim, the Rev. W. Tait, Mr. Turle, Mr. Chappell, and Mr. Ralston. The financial statement showed that the total disbursements amounted to £3,485 12s. 4d. for the past year. Various toasts were proposed and responded to, and it was announced that the subscriptions amounted to about £600.

ANOTHER CURE OF ASTHMA (THIS WEEK) by DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Richardson, Chemist, 11, Bloomsbury, Birmingham.—"A customer of mine suffering from Asthma, used the Wafers and found more relief than from any other (so called) remedy."—Price 1s. 1d. per box.—[ADVT.]

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice Syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London. ADVT.

WORMS IN A PUG.—"Vicarage, Welley Rocks, Leek, June 6, 1878. A very handsome female Pug, which had been presented to me, seemed very much out of condition, and notwithstanding great care as to diet, &c., no improvement was perceptible. I therefore gave her yesterday one of Naldre's Powders, and in fifteen minutes she brought off a Tapeworm 6 feet in length, with a quantity of slime. You may add, this with my name to your numerous testimonials. E. Downman." Naldre's Powders are sold by all chemists, price 2s., 3s. 6d., and 5s., and by BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London. [ADVT.]

MAGAZINES AND SERIALS OF THE MONTH

(CONCLUDED).

The University Magazine opens with a paper by F. R. Condor, on "Three Ideals of Human Excellence," which is interesting and well written, if not in accordance with most people's views. For the rest of this number we have a pleasant little bit of fiction, an amusing and somewhat humorous dramatic sketch, with a touch of satire in it—a paper on Robert Browning, with a first-class photographic portrait, and other readable articles. The worst thing in the magazine is called, "His End Was Peace," which is so objectionable and in such bad taste that its presence is a source of wonder.

The Atlantic Monthly.—Mr. W. W. Story's "Roman Holiday Papers," "The story ballad of Christopher Aske," "Curious Ghost stories," "A Glance at the Great Revolution in Pitcairn," which is full of fresh interest, and a political sketch of a novel and interesting character, blend with good fiction and other solid material of a diversified kind, including some gracefully appropriate verses on the late Bayard Taylor, to make this an excellent number.

Scribner's Monthly also has some verses of a tenderly appreciative nature on the death of Bayard Taylor, and in the rest of its contents so caters for almost every variety of taste in literature that all its readers must be more than satisfied—delighted. The illustrations are charmingly varied and of the highest excellence.

Tinsley's Magazine has the continuation of "Trust Me," a fairly good story by Mrs. Buxton; a paper on a subject of general interest, ably and thoughtfully written by Mr. Joseph Hatton, on the subject of "England's Commercial Decline;" and other papers of an amusing or more or less interesting description.

Macmillan's Magazine is of special excellence this month, packed full of good things, some of which are particularly fresh and of special interest. Mr. Algernon Black gives us five new anecdotes of Charles Lamb. Mr. J. A. Wilson takes up the great question of to-day in a paper, "Can Reciprocity Help Us?" the Hon. Mrs. Ridding deals in a spirit of philanthropy with the "Poor little girl, Olivers," for whom she pleads most forcibly and feelingly in connection with Miss Laura Oldfield's "Home," that old house in Pitfield-street, Hoxton, formerly known as Haberdashers' Hall, a visit to which cannot be anything but a source of gratification and pleasure to all who are kind and generous. E. R. contributes a paper to "The Afghan Question," well worth reading. Mr. W. Hale White has some attractive notes on "Shelly's Birth-place;" and Mr. W. Jack some unpublished extracts from the Common-place Book of Robert Burns.

The Biograph is quite up to its standard, and gives us thirteen biographical sketches of celebrities of whom, although they still live, nothing but good is said.

The Magazine of Art is full of admirable wood-engravings and interesting articles.

Our Own Country has views of Edgehill, Naseby, the Clyde, and Burghley—all places of the deepest interest—from which the artists have selected scenes which are not only picturesque but historically, artistically, and romantically suggestive.

The Ladies' Gazette of Fashion will doubtless give our fair friends the greatest satisfaction.

Once a Week is just what it always is—full of light, amusing reading, and stories brimfull of incident and adventure.

Familiar Wild Flowers has its usual excellences in the way of accurately drawn and coloured plates, with descriptive matter equally reliable and good.

The Ladies' Treasury, although a little scrappy, is readable, and has its regular practical domestic papers on the fashions and matters of household value.

The Theatre has its usual slight gossip papers on topics of current dramatic interest, and gives us two excellent photographic portraits, one of Mr. Charles Warner, and the other of Miss Wallis, soft, yet vigorous; bright, clear, and well rounded out, either of which is well worth the price of the magazine. The first part of Mr. Joseph Hatton's "Under the Shadow of St. Pierre," is an interesting and very readable bit of word-painting. Mr. Grundy has a few comments on the "Censorship of Plays" which tells us nothing that is new or not generally known to the readers of the *Theatre*. Mr. Hollingshead has thrown together a few odd statements about actors' salaries, leading up to his views of the recent closing of Drury Lane; and Mr. D. J. Anderson, who has a soul above nonsense, tells us why he doesn't believe in pantomime, and does believe that Harlequin is *in extremis*, as Harlequin has been in the opinion of similar thinkers ever since Harlequin has been in being. If we are "not a nation of pantomimists," as Mr. Anderson may assert without fear of logical denial, still as a nation we have always had something akin to pantomime, and, in our humble opinion, we always shall have. We fancy Mr. Anderson must have been hard pushed for a subject when he sat down to add to the clever papers he has given us this shallow bit of reasoning. To argue gravely about pantomime on the ground of art and morality is a piece of nonsense more funny than the funniest of pantomimes, and to gravely find fault with the incongruity of pantomime elements must provoke a laugh from all who accept pantomime for what it is—mere amusing nonsense and spectacular display—of which the highest elements do not soar above music and dancing and sprightly song-singing, and the humblest are intended to please, and do please, and we hope long will please, the children.

PEOPLE complain in the present day that they cannot get good champagne. The cause is not difficult of explanation to anyone who knows the ins and outs of the Champagne districts, and remember what demands were made on the champagne-growers during the brief era of prosperity. Such was the rush on favourite brands that 1873 vintages were used in 1874 and 1875, and few growers allowed the vintages of champagne to properly mature. Messrs. Moët having a particularly fine *cuvée*, determined to take advantage of this rush, and have reserved and properly matured a parcel of wine that really does them credit, the "Brut Imperial" now offered being the result.

CHILBLAINS. Instant relief and cure by using "Dredge's Head All." Of all chemists, 1s. 1d. a bottle. ADVT.

EAU FIGARO. The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 6s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W. ADVT.

SOZODONT.—The peerless liquid Dentifrice; its use imparts the most fragrant breath; it beautifies, cleanses, and preserves the teeth in a surprising manner. It gives a delightfully fresh taste and feeling to the mouth, removing all Tartar and Scurf from the Teeth, completely arresting the progress of decay, and whitening such parts as have already become black by decay or neglect. Impure breath caused by Bad Teeth, Tobacco, Spirits, or catarrh is neutralised by Sozodont. The price of the Fragrant Sozodont is 3s. 6d., put up in large bottles, fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the tooth-brush. Each bottle is enclosed in a handsome toilet box. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, and by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Great Russell-street, London. Observe the Name SOZODONT on the label, box, and bottle. ADVT.

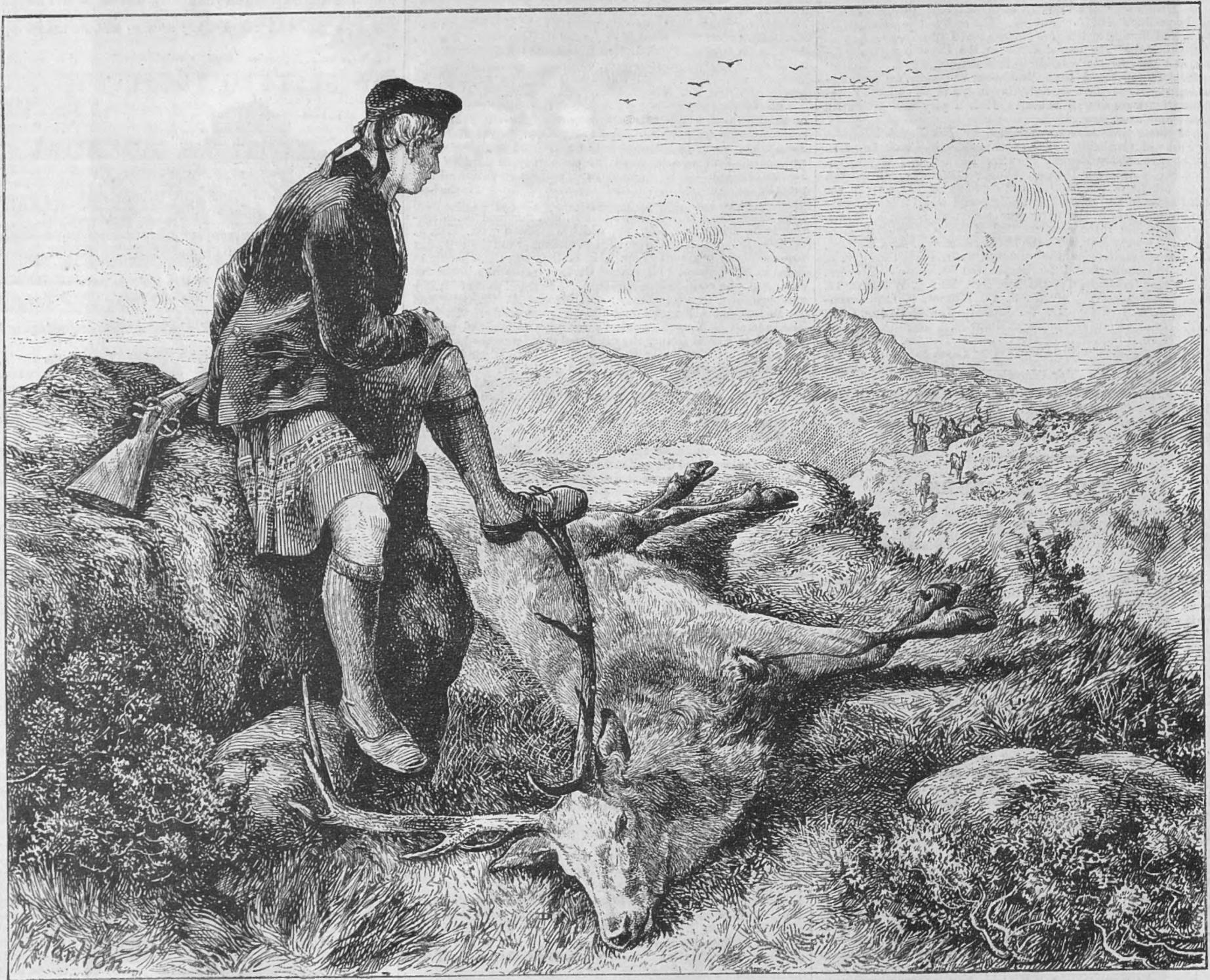
TURFIANA.

THE racing season of 1879 opens without any extravagant promise of surpassing its immediate predecessors in the importance of its proceedings, in the increase of patronage conferred on the Turf, or in the magnitude of interests involved in the decision of the great events of the year. So far as can be ascertained by a reference to the entries for weight-for-age races and handicaps sport may be said to be just holding its own, but no more; and while some influential supporters of it have passed away, there is no present promise of accessions to the Turf likely adequately to fill the places of seceders therefrom through death or resignation. On the other hand, fewer "little men" have registered their colours, or paid their fees for the luxury of an assumed name, a fact not to be regretted overmuch, seeing that the lower we penetrate beneath the "upper crust" the more unsatisfactory do we find the composition of the underlying elements. Bad times have at least diminished the ranks of those ephemeral dabblers in racing, who, for the most part, confer no benefit upon it by their connection, but rather drag it down to a lower level than is desirable. Recent legislation in high places has had the welcome effect of giving a generally healthier tone to affairs under Jockey Club control; and the tendency of reforms recently introduced has been in the direction of contracting the area of sport with a view to retain its more prominent

and important features, and to lop off excrescences which had been proved beyond doubt to be neither useful nor ornamental. Fewer meetings and better racing is a "cry" likely to be popular with all true lovers of the pastime which has taken such deep root in the affections of Englishmen, who have lately regarded attempts to "level downwards" as derogatory to the dignity and reputation of a national recreation, established (next to its primary object of improving the breed of horses) for the amusement of the public, and not for the emolument of a few desirous of enriching themselves at the risk of bringing discredit upon racing. There can be little doubt that the depression of trade and its consequences has at length (so to speak) percolated through the classes at first most liable to its influences to the solid substratum of wealth, built upon foundations which have begun to show signs of decay. We shall fare none the worse, both as regards business and sport, for a period of repose and quiet, the prelude, in all probability, of more stirring and sensational times, of which we may look for a recurrence after the lull we are now experiencing. We may anticipate altogether a quieter, more rational method of enjoying racing, less of that wild and reckless system of speculation which has brought so many to grief, smaller prices forthcoming for blood stock of all kinds, and consequently diminished fees for stallions, of which we have far too many at present for breeders to make a profit out of their services. We repeat, this temporary depreciation in turf affairs will be beneficial rather than other-

wise, for we cannot always be working at high pressure, and it is in these intervals of relief from the whirl of excitement that real enjoyment is often to be found. In the meanwhile the tendency towards post-betting increases rather than diminishes, and if bookmakers are preternaturally wary and cautious, there is less temptation for red-hot plungers to play with fire, and therefore less chance of success for the machinations of those who are ever on the look out to make capital out of the weaker brethren. In a word, we breathe peacefully and fearlessly, not doubting that the reaction will arrive soon enough, and having time to brace ourselves up for its advent, and to prepare for another era of high play and high prices.

Notwithstanding the breeding season is so far advanced we find considerably over one hundred stallions still open to eligible offers, not taking into consideration those the subscriptions to which are already full. Thus it is evident we are overstocked with sires, in spite of the constant drain upon us by other countries, and it is certain that the great majority of them must be anything but paying concerns to their owners. One thing cannot fail to strike all students of old "Calendars" in search of information relating to our fathers of the English stud; and that is the limitation of stallions of the present day to between thirty and forty mares upon an average, whereas their allowance in times gone by was not far off double that number. So that we cannot be said to be abusing our sources of blood, and this in time should operate to the advantage of our breed of horses,



DEER-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

though its effects may not be felt just at present. During our researches backwards we have come across the names of several Sultans pompously announced as "full" with from thirty to forty visitors on their list; but if we are to judge by results as indicated by subsequent foal lists, these leaders of equine society must be either very bad foal getters, or we are driven to the conclusion that the advertisements announcing the closing of their lists were only empty parade; but that such a ruse is not unfrequently resorted to for the sake of "bounce" seems suicidal policy on the part of owners, who would have the breeding world believe in the conversion of their geese into swans. In most of these cases it will be found that subscription lists are as elastic as their owners' consciences, and that there is always, as scholastic circulars say, "room for an eligible candidate." Be this as it may, comparatively few sires will do more than pay their way this season; while in many of the "hopeless cases" ridances will be effected, and as only the weaker brethren will go to the wall, the loss need not be regarded in any sense as serious, but rather the reverse.

The Croydon executive were blamed by many for extending their meeting to a third day; but prognostications of failure were happily doomed not to be realised, and as it turned out Thursday's card was by far the strongest, and the racing came

off in accordance with its promise of excellence. The outsider, Boxing Day, had no trouble in bringing Mr. Hanbury home first in the Selling Hunters' Flat Race, for Bardolph came in lame, and neither Astrologer nor Hungerford could tackle the winner, who is, we believe, Neasham bred. For the Sydenham Hurdle Race a dozen came to the post, and the winner, Stanwix (bred by Mr. R. Porter at Alfriston), realised 200 guineas above his selling price to Mr. Russell, and is doubtless one of the useful sort, like most of Orest's stock. Paul's Cray readily disposed of Lighthouse and Nugget in the Champion Hurdle Race, and the winner is one of Mr. Everitt's "chickens" from Finstall Park. For the United Kingdom Steeplechase only five turned out, and though Juggler was served up a hot favourite, with Royal Oak II. next in the quotations, Verity beat the pair in the commonest of canters, and forthwith found backers for the Grand National, which promises, what with veterans of reputation and novices of high promise, to be quite worthy of its ancient prestige, albeit Congress will be among the absentees. Bonchurch took the Wickham Hurdle Race, for which Oponox could get no nearer than fourth, and there was a sputtering fire of wagers on Lincoln and Liverpool all over the Ring in the intervals of racing.

Tom Challoner should get plenty of riding at Newmarket, to

which place he has wisely shifted ground from the North, and when coolness and head are required in a race, there is no one we would sooner have in the saddle than this jockey, who, during his connection with the Manton stable, was certainly dead out of luck. We have all been witness to many capital "bits" of riding on the part of old John Osborne's son-in-law, and we rejoice to see that he has again been taken by the hand, and by one of the most powerful stables at Newmarket.

Judging from the good sport shown at Derby, and the general excellence of the arrangements for its enjoyment at the capital of the Midlands, the Grand National Hunt Committee should have no occasion to cast about for a place wherein to pitch their roving tent next year. The attendance was not overwhelming, but then it must be borne in mind that people in the "heart of England" have not been educated to racing so persistently as their brethren of the North and South, though every pains will no doubt be taken for the future to popularise Turf pursuits among them. At one time it seemed as if the executive of the Grand National Hunt was altogether out of luck, but the success of Friday and Saturday last must have put them on good terms with themselves once more, and a regular "revival" may be said to have taken place. The great race fell to one of those "lucky Vyners," by the

aid of Bellringer, whose pedigree is one of the grandest in the "Stud Book," and brings up visions of Malton and L'Anson at once. Sixteen competitors composed the field, and the winner and Golden Cross took the lead in the betting as they did in the race, and the former may figure more than respectably over Aintree next week. Puck and Quibble, both well known names in the hunter class, each scored a win; and on the second day the Wilsons had two good turns with the Luteline filly and Currall, Mr. "E. P." of course piloting both winners. Messrs. G. Lowe and Cunningham each added to their score of winning mounts, and Mr. Vyner again showed in front for the Devonshire Handicap Hurdle Race with Kneller, who started at the healthiest of odds, and disposed of Helios and Queen of Pearls very readily. The fields were good throughout, the horses of fair class, and some of the riding worthy of more pretentious gatherings. There were also fewer objections and disputes than usual, and the Grand National Hunt Meeting may be said to have altogether recovered the prestige which it apparently stood in no slight danger of losing, judging from the results of its latter anniversaries.

As regards Lincoln and Liverpool, it is useless to attempt more than a review of the principal handicaps at each centre of sport; seeing that every trainer seems to have a two-year-old flyer in pickle for the Brocklesby and other juvenile ventures both on Carholme and Aintree. For the great handicap at the former place a very fair field is likely to assemble, and as hurried preparations will, in many cases, be the order of the day, the forlorn hope should be strongly represented. The market cannot be expected to settle down until long after these remarks are in print, the transactions hitherto having been mostly of a tentative nature, and having a "Continental" ring about them, which will cease to be heard when the real business of backing commences in earnest. The air is thick with rumours of trials, many of which must, perforce, be illusory, and the most trainers can expect is to get an inkling of the form of their candidates, and this by a roundabout and deceptive process. The "Asiatic" mystery of Russley is not likely to be solved until the eleventh hour; but though all of Peck's lot have been nibbled at, we should have been content to stand Kaleidoscope again as the best of the bunch, were it not for market movements against him. Last year's winner being a wiry light-fleshed horse, seemed likely to come early to hand, though a repetition by him of his previous success might have been too much to expect of the "glorious gelding." A mighty favourite hails from Findon in Balbriggan, who has cried "wolf" often enough; but we are not sufficiently enamoured of him to plump for Goater's "certainty;" and he may experience some rough usage before the day, whatever his fate in the race. Cyprus, like his namesake, wears an unhealthy appearance, and those anxious to "annex" him seem at present to have burnt their fingers, though we take it there is about as much reason for his retrogression as there was for his rapid advance. Still he is one we should be sorry to begin "slating," and our readers may depend there has been a good deal of "kid" in connection with Mr. Gee's horse, whose friends at the post are likely to far outnumber his enemies, if "the browns are nicely on." Sir Joseph was a strong

fancy of ours at the outset, but he has since experienced opposition from a quarter rightly marked "dangerous," and it seems to be the fate of Weaver's horses invariably to travel queerly in the market. Under these circumstances, we must abstain from saying more than that we shall continue to hold Sir Joseph neutral until his status in the market has been accurately ascertained; and we throw him over, even now, somewhat unwillingly, soaring as he does, like Mahomet's coffin, between earth and heaven—between the danger of a "knock out" and the anticipation of a "coming" like unto that of Arthur. For neither Monk nor Midlothian have we any particular fancy, and it will be curious if the former can be persuaded to travel more than six furlongs in comfort, while he is a roarer into the bargain, and not the most generous of horses. Midlothian has plenty of weight for an animal of his calibre,

we know not where to look for a likelier candidate; while it is all in his favour that he has been steady in the market—in fact the only horse supported with anything like spirit and consistency, and his backers are certain of an honest run for their money, if the horse keeps well. Tallos has no charms for us, nor shall Drumhead be our representative; but we have considerable respect for veterans of the Aventurier and Camembert type, and they are none the less dangerous for having been kept quiet in the betting. No doubt, before the eventful day, many changes will have to be recorded, but we have some confidence in our recommendation of *Thunderstone* to furnish the winner, and next to Mr. Alexander's horse *Aventurier* and *St. Augustine* have most charms for us. The other races it would be madness to meddle with at present, and it is only by way of a "long shot" that we mention the names of Blanton and Bloss

as trainers likely to strip formidable candidates for the Brocklesby, several two-year-olds in their teams having the reputation of being able to gallop.

As regards the Liverpool programme, we do not purpose to discuss the chicken handicaps, selling races, or two-year-old events; but the Union Jack Stakes may give us a peep at *Discord*, who should be capable of settling the pretensions of Ronaleyn, Sans Pareil, Island King, and Vanquisher, all of which have shown fair form last season. The times when the Spring Cup attracted the attention of metalicians before the hoisting of the numbers have long since passed away; so that there is nothing staring us in the face but the Grand National, which has unexpectedly blossomed into a really good betting race, and promises to attract no less than three previous winners to cut in again for the title of cross-country champion. In addition to these we have animals which have recently acquitted themselves with credit, Bacchus, Bellringer, Jackal, and The Bear to wit, and though the distances they have been called upon to traverse were not so great as the task set them over Aintree, their owners are perfectly justified in pitting them against more experienced but older horses. Jackal and The Bear, however, are a pair of wild beasts not to be trusted, and may or may not be in the mood to put their best foot foremost, though they will have ample justice done them in respect of riders. Of the three previous winners we have most respect for Regal, but he may not be so fresh on his legs as could be desired, and we



SCENE FROM "THE LADIES' BATTLE" AT THE COURT THEATRE.

which has been proved only second-rate after all; and we may, once for all, make a clean sweep from the tablets of our regard of such cripples as Rob Roy, Rosy Cross, Mandarin, Warrior, and others comprising the hopeless division. Of the three-year-olds commend us to St. Augustine, who may be dangerous at the finish, and we shall be surprised if "the stable" do not stand him at last, though it is asking the young Wild Oats to do a big thing. Stanton and Wadlow must always be held in respect, and Cradle should not therefore be permitted to run loose, if anything like a movement in his favour be made, which may not come to pass until within a short time of the decision of the race. Thunderstone has never been one of our favourites, and his Cambridgeshire running was execrable, but the flat course at Lincoln will suit his long back and stride far better than the Criterion hill, and as he belongs to a "straight" man, has had a good preparation, and will be well ridden,

have reason to doubt whether his disposition is quite so amiable "as it used to was." Austerlitz is reported to be doing good work, but he may not be quite "cherry merry" on the day; and Shifnal we looked upon as a very lucky winner last year, and as likely to be outclassed on the present occasion. So, to cut a long story short, we shall not be surprised to see both Bacchus and Bellringer cut very respectable figures in the race, both being genuine, honest animals and accomplished fencers; but if all is right with *The Liberator* on the day, we shall look no further for the winner, the only outsider we entertain any partiality for being Wild Monarch, who promised to furnish into a performer of more than ordinary merit, and who can boast of fair credentials.

Somehow or other, racing does not seem to take root kindly "down West," for though the meeting at Bristol could boast of an imposing list of stewards, a liberal programme, and clever

management, the sport shown was only mediocre, and it is evident that the Bristolians have not been educated up to the enjoyment of steeplechasing. In fact, in the counties of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, folks seem unaccountably apathetic in this respect, and in this respect the "natives" differ considerably from the rest of their sporting fellow-countrymen.

From Moorlands we learn that Camballo's subscription is full, at which we are not in the least surprised; but it is all the more creditable to the horse in such a season as the present, when nominations "on easy terms" are to be had to several sires of really good class, while owners of "small deer" are in despair at the tardiness of subscribers in coming forward to fill the lists of their pets.

SKYLARK.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS JOSEPHINE YORKE.

The portrait given on our first page this week is a likeness of Miss Josephine Yorke, the popular contralto, whose name has been associated with Mr. Carl Rosa's Company ever since its arrival in this country. Mr. Rosa has accomplished the work he set himself to do. His present season has been highly successful, and the prospects of English opera look brighter than they have done for a very long time past. It is no exaggeration to say that Miss Yorke has greatly contributed to bring about this agreeable result. Her Siebel in *Faust*, and Urbano in *Les Huguenots*, are scarcely surpassed on the Italian stage in London; indeed, were it not that we have at the two houses such altogether exceptional artists as Mesdames Trebelli and Scalchi, Miss Yorke would hold her own with the very best. If during the coming Italian season a *débutante* equal to Miss Yorke in voice, style, and histrionic ability should appear, a brilliant future will be undoubtedly before her. As singer and actress Miss Josephine Yorke merits high commendation. Her fine voice displays the results of careful and diligent cultivation, and in all she does there is evidence of intelligent thought. A better Lazarillo in Vincent Wallace's *Maritana* could not be found—to discover one nearly as good would, indeed, be an almost hopeless quest. Earnest and conscientious in small parts as in large—the unfailing sign of a true artist—Miss Yorke has made quite a study of the little character she fills in *Carmen*, and Bizet's piquant and melodious quintettes owe a great deal to the manner in which the contralto music is sung by this invaluable member of an admirable company.

CARRYING HER MAJESTY'S MAIL IN CANADA.

The sketch of "Her Majesty's Mails" is a likeness of horse and vehicle in which the mails are generally carried from place to place in the country, away from the lines of railway. The sketch represents the mail on the way from St. Hilaire to Sorel, a distance of 36 miles, along the banks of the beautiful River Richelieu. The same old white horse has travelled "half-way and change" many a day. The vehicle is a *buckboard*, a very simple conveyance, composed of a plank from one axle to the other, to which a seat is attached by an iron rod running through the sides of the seat and under the board; there are no springs of any kind except the natural spring of the board. It is light, and travels with tolerable ease through the terribly bad roads of autumn and spring, that is to say, if one is not afraid of mud, of which the wheels throw up any amount. Some of these *buckboards* are well finished and painted up, and look quite smart. A few were sent out from Canada to Cyprus for the use of Sir Garnet Wolseley.

DEER STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

In their lonely woodland strongholds and hiding places the deer, which give such wild life and beauty to the steep hill-sides of our Scottish Highlands, often grow large and weighty, but they seldom attain that noble outgrowth of horn which foresters so warmly admire as "a good head." The reason is that the tangled woodlands, with their thick undergrowth, afford splendid covert, but the labyrinths of low, intertwining branches are unfavourable to the full development of the horns. Hence, in "heath-covered Mull" and similar places, the deer feed chiefly in the secret recesses of the jungle and copses, which they most reluctantly leave for the open hill side, where huntsmen may get a fair shot at them, and the hunter's collie or shepherd's dog give chase. The sportsman of our sketch has been fortunate enough to kill his deer, which appears to be of goodly proportions, with a fairly good head, and he is now awaiting the arrival of his friends and gillies, whose shouts announcing their coming have attracted his attention.

FRENCH HUNTING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The danger-loving, luxury-spurning, spirit of our old English huntingmen and the rude rough-out-door sports they loved so dearly were of old never seen in France as they existed in England. The gentlemen of France were polite, were gallant, were models of soldierly ambition, knightly devotion, and chivalrous bravery, but they were not, in our English sense of the word, sportsmen. At court, luxurious amours, fantastic pleasures, and ceremonial festivities held sway, and in the country châteaux they still reigned, although with them was blended a new delight—that of out-door sports, falconry being of all such sports the one most in favour. To know how to fly a falcon, to follow him with speed, to bring him back to the lure, and dexterously place him on a lady's wrist were then the most courtly and fashionable of accomplishments. Hunting with dogs was long regarded as an altogether inferior thing, noisy, vulgar, and rude, and when it crept into superior favour and grew fashionable in the seventeenth century, many and hot were the arguments which raged amongst the sylvan disciples of the old and new. Then, for the first time Frenchmen grew learned in the barbarous jargon of the field, and nothing was heard but such untranslatable phrases applied to hind, stags, etc., as *sole-pleine* and *pince rondes*, or *biche brehaine*, the *dix-cors jeunement*, the *piéd* and the *contre-piéd*, etc., etc. Then most carefully attiring in the most elaborate of hunting costumes with a terrible noise of horns, huge winding horns, and yelping hounds, and with much bustle and confusion in the saddling of horses and making ready of calashes, were the things which ushered in a hunting morning in France. There was then much and frequent calling up of sleepy ladies, worn out by the protracted festivities of the previous night, for without the ladies nothing could be done, and when the ladies did come, listless or peevish, or yawning, what can be said of the sport itself in the great old woods, with ladies in carriages, who expected to witness it, the starting of a previously selected stag, the putting of the hounds on the scent, to the cry of "*Hou-vari!*" and all the rest of it, which in the eyes of Englishmen were altogether things unreal, unworthy the name of sport, having no manliness, no true vigour nor earnestness in it—in short a mere travesty or farce. But if ceremony and outer show characterised of old the French courtiers' hunting, those features culminated into something ultra-magnificent when Royalty joined the chase. The *voitures de chasse* (hunting carriages) were then as brilliant as gilding and painting could render them; their coachmen were loaded with gold and silver lace; the horses, covered with rich cloths, extended into a procession by the inordinate

length of their traces, were often harnessed three abreast, and sometimes four, and men in gorgeous liveries stood one by the head of each animal to lead them, whilst postillions in jack boots and cocked hats rode the foremost. Embroidery, and feathers and gold and silver lace glittered and glowed in every direction, and Myers and Sangers themselves might have beheld with envy the noble procession of prancing steeds and glittering costumes; the caravan-like hunting carriages, generally with the stag's head and four quarters in front, which announced that the King of France and all his men were going a hunting in the seventeenth century.

THE CATS OF CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

That great and glorious warrior, statesman, and priest, Francis du Plessis Richelieu, Cardinal, Prime Minister, and General-in-Chief of the French army, unscrupulous and heartless though he was in the pursuit of his ambitious projects, had an old-maid-like tenderness for cats. In all his state and grandeur—and no prime minister ever had grander surroundings—when the daily cost of his household was estimated at the then enormous sum of a thousand crowns, and when he never went abroad from what afterwards became the Palais Royal without such a display of guards, equipage, and household officers as made the King's seem poor—his cats were not forgotten. When directing foreign wars, detecting wide-spread and numerous conspiracies against his Sovereign or himself, fomenting for a purpose those discontents in England, which ended in civil wars and the execution of Charles I., and fearing treachery and assassination, even in the guarded privacy of his palace, to fondle the cats and their kittens, and find in their regard and affection a solace, was still his delight. His cats were near him when he composed those forgotten dramas which he fondly thought would throw those of Corneille into the shade.* Their purring and rubbing and rolling were signs of love which pleased him when other signs of more intelligent affection, and they were far from scarce, only begat doubts and fears which made him irritable and impatient or morose. When Royal love, proverbially uncertain and capricious, became hatred and temporary disgrace and banishment from the court followed, the cats only received a larger share of his time and attention. When restored to power he, to glut his revenge, drenched the scaffold with noble blood, driving a queen into exile, braving the Pope, making the proudest of his enemies servile, and the bravest tremble, the cats found his voice no less gentle, his voice no more harsh, than to them it had ever been. When he was dangerously sick at Tarascon, and, worn out with toil and anxiety, drew near his end, his thoughts did not desert the cats. He died on December 4th, 1642.

MR. HOWARD REYNOLDS.

Mr. Howard Reynolds, whose portrait we publish in this week's issue, is the popular performer on the cornet-à-piston, and was introduced to the notice of the public at the early age of 17, by the late Mr. Alfred Mellon at his Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. The skilful conductor was so struck with the young performer's brilliant tone and fine rendering of the difficult solos in a selection of Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* that he at once engaged him for three years; and although Mr. Reynolds lost a kind friend in the late Mr. Alfred Mellon, he has often been seen in his old place at Covent Garden Theatre, and has always met with a hearty reception. Mr. Reynolds has a natural aptitude for music, as will be at once admitted when it is said that he is almost entirely self-taught.

"THE LADIES' BATTLE" AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Mr. Hare has discovered the simple secret of successful theatrical management, namely, to do good things well. From the opening of the house he has striven, for the most part with most satisfactory results, to follow out this golden rule, and the present performance of *The Ladies' Battle* is a case in point. We might have—we should have, in fact—preferred an original play; but in the lack of such rare luxuries, the adaptation of MM. Scribe and Legouvé's most clever and ingenious comedy is welcome, especially played as it is at the Court Theatre. The scene here depicted represents the beginning of the duel between the Countess d'Antreval and the Baron de Montrieux, she striving to hide and he to find the young condemned Royalist conspirator, M. Henri de Flavigneul, who, in the disguise of a servant, stands immediately behind the Baron, and is presently taken into his service to assist in the search for himself.

THE INTERNATIONAL HURDLE RACE.

Mr. Sturgess's sketch of the International Hurdle Race at Croydon on Wednesday, the 12th ult., does not include the winner of the race, for the reason that the Bear, inspired by the pint of whiskey with which he had thoughtfully been provided by astute friends, and carefully humoured by Marsh, was at the moment represented in the sketch some lengths to the good. Comfortable odds of 100 to 12 were always forthcoming up to the last moment, but the chances of the Bear were not highly esteemed. Singleton held the position of favourite, though Boniface and Blue Ruin, on the strength of their performances in December at Sandown Park, were much fancied; and that the public were not far wrong is shown by their having finished second and third. The rumour as to there being, or having been, something wrong with the better of Captain Macbell's pair—arising from reasons which those who started the report can best guess—was speedily dissipated, and although Boniface was beaten easily after Cannon had done his best, the performance must rank as a good one.

CURIOUS HORNS.

Our illustration at page four represents in profile and full-face view the aspect of the horns of a three-year-old deer when the velvet-like covering, which is but a modification of the integument of the head and continuous with it, is at full development. The internal horn is but a continuation of the bone, in the deer tribe, springing from the outer table of the skull. In course of time, during each season, what is termed the "burr" or "pearl" forms round the root of the horn, and this is the last process of growth, for these osseous tubercles set up a pressure on the blood-vessels which supply the external coating, and their proper circulation being stopped, absorption of this external vascular covering sets in, it dries up, shrinks, and peels off, leaving the internal horn bare. This process of development begins in the spring. Each year the horns become more fully developed. The first year there are none; the second a primitive horn puts in an appearance, the size and number of "times" increase each year, and when the sixth horn is shed in the seventh, a stag is called by the French, in expressive phraseology, *Un Cerf de Dix Cors*.

The greatest development of antlers in the deer tribe is to be found in the *Megaceros Hibernicus* or "Irish elk." The skeleton in the British Museum bears a pair of horns measuring 9 feet 6 inches from tip to tip. Over an adjoining case may be seen a pair of horns 10 feet from tip to tip, whilst in Lord Enniskillin's collection is one of the finest skeletons in existence, bearing horns

* His darling drama, *L'Europe*, was actually hissed, and Richelieu never felt any of his failures more deeply or bitterly.

15 feet across. Very variable in form, length, etc., are the horns of the antelope and deer tribes. The horns of the gazelle are as elegant in form and proportions as this animal is in external form. In the eland the horns represent a straight screw, in the pallah curved screws. The horns of the Abyssinian mohr remind one of a pair of sugar nippers or tongs. In the common antelope, adax, and koodoo they become serpentine and more or less elongated, whilst in klean-boc they are mere elementary prongs. In the nil-gchau and the madoque they are straight spikes; in the gem-boc spear-like implements of attack or defence. In the oryx the spear-like appendages are curved and screwed. In the well-known chamois the horns are curved backwards, in the pronghorn inwards. Most formidable in aspect amongst the antelope group are the horns of the wiry gnue. In the fallow deer, elk, or moose deer the horns are flattened. In the buck caribon the horns are of arborescent aspect. In the reindeer there may be discerned a fanciful resemblance to Scotch "stag-moss"; whilst in muntjak they assume the aspect of a pair of surgeon's forceps.

THE FLIGHT OF THE SNIPES.

The snipe of La Vendée, Brittany, Normandy, England, and Scotland take an easterly route for the south, passing through Gascony. Those of Lapland, Sweden, Norway, and Belgium take the Alps to reach the Apennines and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Those of Russia, Poland, and Bohemia supply the Archipelago and the neighbouring countries. While the quail, the beccafigo, the swallow, &c., preferring a moderate departure, visit us in the spring and leave us in the autumn, and the duck, the waterfowl and the snipe leave cold countries and remain with us from autumn to spring. The plumage of the snipe is not particularly bright, the body rings are speckled with black and yellow, and the head is marked with pretty black spots, the belly has small regular lines across it of an alternate white and grey colour. The snipe prefers the slopes of wooded hills, the skirts of woods, exposed to the rising sun. It avoids close confined localities, and requires damp places where, under the fallen leaves, it may find the insects, on which it feeds. The sportsman should always take a dog with him, as otherwise he will run the risk, after being successful in killing, of leaving the game behind him, the snipe being almost the same colour as dead leaves and so very difficult to find. Snipe shooting is over at the end of February.

SALMON FISHING IN NORWAY.

These sketches are from the pencil of an occasional contributor, who made them on the spot. The descriptive lines he has placed under each subject sufficiently explain them, rendering a more lengthy description unnecessary.

ARCHANGELLO CORELLI.

A short biographical account of this famous composer and instrumentalist will be found on the page which contains his portrait.

ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, CRICKET, &c.

MIDLAND Counties chasers may be said to have had quite a field day at Birmingham on Saturday, when the long anticipated Moseley Harriers v. Birchfield Harriers contest took place over an eight miles course from Perry Bar to Sutton Coldfield. The contending teams numbered twenty-three, Moseley were represented by H. M. Oliver (captain), T. A. Davidson, W. G. George, A. Hickman, C. A. Palmer, W. T. Perry, H. Potts, T. T. Prime, J. St. Johnstone, H. W. Sponge, and C. J. Walker, whilst the other side consisted of W. Davis (captain), T. Assinder, T. H. Bailey, B. W. Beasley, W. P. Goode, G. Hibbert, J. Law, F. Lockyer, T. S. Mayes, W. Simkins, and C. F. Wood.

Special interest was vested in the meeting of Oliver and Beasley, the respective cracks, but, strange to relate, they both met with mishaps, Beasley falling at a fence and spraining his ankle, whilst the Moseley man was seized with a stitch in the side at a critical moment or he would undoubtedly have won easily. However, he managed to get third after all, whilst a suitable substitute was found in George, the Worcester crack, who secured first place by 7 sec., covering what may be recorded as "about eight miles" in 51 min. The first sixteen were George, Law, Oliver, Sponge, Lockyer, Bailey, Potts, Perry, Davis, Hibbert, T. T. Prime, Wright, Johnston, Walker, Assinder, Goode, so that it will be seen that Moseley won easily.

On the same afternoon the Thames Hare and Hounds eight miles open steeplechase was being decided at Roehampton. Out of an original entry of twenty-six only three failed to put in an appearance, a rare triumph for the handicapper, ranging from P. H. Stenning at scratch to A. Turner, of the S.L.H., with 7½ min start. Eventually, J. C. Lawrence, T.H. and H., 1½ min start, won by sixty yards, in 45½ min, the next thirteen who were placed being A. H. Davies, Reigate, 3½ min start; W. W. Davis, S.L.H., 1 min 40 sec; F. W. Firminger, Blackheath Harriers, 3½ min; P. H. Stenning, T.H. and H., scratch; H. Stafford, S.L.H., 3 min 50 sec; A. Ball, T.H.H., 1 min 45 sec; W. M. Colson, S.L.H., 1 min 35 sec; H. Bishop, S.L.H., 2 min 10 sec; W. Ball, T.H. and H., 2 min 40 sec; J. S. Satherwaite, Barnes F.C., 3 min 40 sec; J. A. Squires, Spartan Harriers, 3 min 45 sec; J. W. Davy, S.L.H., 3 min 35 sec; A. Turner, S.L.H., 7 min 30 sec; and T. R. Sachs, S.L.H., 3 min 40 sec.

Mr. John Christmas has requested me to state that the first annual athletic meeting of the Buckingham C.C. will be held on Easter Monday. Valuable prizes are offered for ten events, and Mr. C. will forward prospectus to anyone sending their address.

Oxford University sports, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday last, were a great success, and the Cantabs will have to be in rare form to beat them at either the one mile, two miles, quarter, or 100 yards.

It is not my intention to discuss the meeting until next week, when the Light Blues will also have held their annual *réunion*, and I shall be able to analyse the form of both, and give as usual my selections for the annual Lillie Bridge meeting.

Joseph Bennett's billiard tournament at St. James's Hall has resulted in a tie between the promoter and his brothers Fred and Alfred, and they have agreed to divide the prizes. Alfred has shown steady form all through the competition, and takes the special prize for the compiler of the biggest break, he making 139, forty-four spots. The brothers won five games a-piece, out of seven, T. Taylor four, Richards and Lloyd three a-piece, Collins two, and Hunt an unit only. I was pleased to see Richards show better form, and had he taken care of himself towards the end of the week he would, I fancy, have taken some of the specie. If I am not in error it is many years since he won an open event, and that was at Croydon.

Bicycling will soon be looking up; the hon. sec. of the Union has forwarded me the following championship fixtures, all of which take place on Thursdays at Stamford Bridge. June 12, —One Mile. June 19—Five Miles. June 26—Twenty-Five Miles. July 3—Fifty Miles.

Ever since athletic societies were first instituted in the North, rivalry, not always of the most friendly character, has existed between them. It is, therefore, with pleasure that I this week have to record an amalgamated run of the Cheshire Tally Ho and Longsight Harriers, which took place on Saturday last. The meet was at the Heskett Arms, Cheadle Holme, the invite having come from the Longsight men, and despite the unfavourable state of the weather a fair field turned up, consisting of the following:—Hares: Corbett (Cheshire Tally Ho) Knowles (Longsight Harriers). Hounds: Bannister, pacemaker (Longsight Harriers), Bond (Cheshire Tally Ho), Storey (Cheshire Tally Ho), Oxley (Cheshire Tally Ho), Bagshaw (Longsight Harriers), Norris, (Cheshire Tally Ho), Bushby (Longsight Harriers), Bowker, whip (Longsight Harriers), Wilson (Longsight Harriers).

As I have received full particulars from Mr. J. H. Bowker, the popular Longsight whip, I shall strain a point and give the run in full, hoping that this will not be the alpha and omega of such *réunions*, but the forerunner of many another friendly contest. I hear upon good authority that the Northerners do not intend to sit down quietly at home next season, and as these two clubs number amongst them the cream of their distance runners, the Southerners will have to look to their laurels. The hares were started at seven minutes past three, and twelve minutes later the pack were slipped in pursuit, the trail taking them as follows:—The new road for about a quarter of a mile, passing Cheadle Holme Church, thence into the fields, leaving Bradshaw's farm on the left, over some heavy plough, where some considerable time was lost in finding the trail, but at length it being discovered, they continued along by Woodford Church, and taking to the Woodford Valley, shortly came to Dean Waters, which in crossing, tested the jumping abilities of the runners, Storey, Norris, Bagshaw and Bannister showing in fine form; after leaving the water they had to climb a steep hill and cross some grand country until reaching Handforth. After passing Wilson's Bleach Works, they turned into the fields again, keeping to the left side of the railway until reaching the Warehousemen and Clerks' Orphan Schools, where the word for home should have been given. One of the pack, however, did not hear the whip, and keeping on, the other "dogs" followed, and they eventually finished as they are given above. At the invite of the Longsight treasurer, the party afterwards sat down to a good tea, after which the Cheshire T.H.H. unanimously returned the compliment of an invitation, and the two clubs will meet on Saturday at Cheadle.

The Unknown to be matched against Elliott has turned out to be either Boyd or Hanlon. I was not very far out in my surmise last week.

On Thursday the annual Oxford v. Cambridge Golf matches were played at Wimbledon, but of course, as my article is due for press on Wednesday, I am unable to give my readers the result.

After two drawn matches, the Old Etonians at length, last Saturday, beat Darwen in the fourth ties for the Association Cup. The North-country men were the popular favourites, but the wearers of the blue won by six goals to two.

Guy's beat St. Bartholomew's very easily on Monday for the Inter-Hospital Challenge Cup final tie by three goals, two tries, and two touches down to two touches down. The winners were much the heavier team. They have now won the cup three times, viz., in 1875, 77, and this year. St. George's won in 1876, and St. Thomas's last year.

Why in particular I do not know, but the Calthorpe Birmingham Club are anxious for it to be generally known that they are under Association rules.

Mr. E. A. Arnold, of Hertford College, Oxford, I regret to state, broke his leg last week whilst playing the dribbling game. So accidents are not confined to the Rugbyian style.

Oxford beat Cambridge both in the single and double-handed billiard matches with ridiculous ease, so I am informed. As the matches were played in private, I presume the young gentlemen who took part in them do not wish their names to appear in print.

It was very unfortunate that O'Leary broke down over the New York tramp, as on paper he would have made a very close thing of it indeed, if he had not actually proved the victor. Rowell covered 500 miles, and won very easily indeed, Ennis being second with 475, and Harriman third with 470. As the Britisher has brought back the coveted belt, the following extract from the *Times* of Monday last may be of interest to many of our readers:—

"An immense crowd thronged Gilmore Gardens, New York, and the neighbouring streets, awaiting the termination of the walking match. Rowell kept all day about 25 miles ahead of Ennis, while Harriman, worn out, tramped slowly to save, if possible, the gate money, by making 450 miles. As interference with Rowell was feared, the track from the early morning was closely guarded by the police, while a company of troops was in readiness near the building to suppress any disturbance. Some slight attempts at interference were made in the morning, but were promptly suppressed. Rowell has been frequently hissed by the crowd, though he plods along unmindful of this. His treatment has so shocked the lovers of fair play, that the newspapers strongly demand fair treatment for the 'plucky little Englishman.' Rowell offers, if he prove the winner, to return to Harriman his stake of 500 dols. This offer gained him great applause. Ennis has made a similar offer. Floral gifts in profusion were given to the competitors. Harriman completed 450 miles 2 laps at 8.45 last evening, when he left the track. Rowell completed 500 miles at 8.57. He then put on his overcoat, and carrying an American flag over his right shoulder and a large bouquet in his left hand, he marched twice round the track, accompanied by the police captain and his trainer. The band played 'God Save the Queen,' amid intense enthusiasm. He then left the track. Ennis now walked alone, as he desired to make 475 miles, which he did at ten o'clock. He did this to win a bet of 1,500 dols. that he would make 475 miles. He ran his last mile in 6 min. 55 sec., the fastest mile during the contest. This closed the match, which was witnessed throughout by an immense crowd. Rowell gets the stakes, valued at 2,000 dols., and also half the gate money, which will be about 15,000 dols. Ennis gets 9,000 dols., Harriman 6,000 dols., and O'Leary 1,000 dols. This has been the most exciting sporting contest ever held in the United States."

Since the arrival of the Cantabs at Kingston-on-Thames nothing will go down but them with the public, and 2 to 1 is freely laid on them. They certainly are a fine set of men to look at, but I do not see the great certainty some people make it for them, there being many undoubted imperfections in their style. Good work is done every afternoon, but I am anxious to see them on the lower portion of the river before I join the list of their over-sanguine followers.

What to say about the Oxonians I scarcely know; they have the making of a fair crew, but there is too much passenger work in the boat. Another fortnight of practice, however, may bring out many latent virtues, and work one of those miracles we have seen in past years; when a crew whom even their own friends ran down eventually proved a real good one. They have since my last been doing plenty of work over the Long Course, and on Monday next will make their appearance at Putney.

Another North-country made match has fallen through,

Emmett having forfeited to Nicholson under rather peculiar conditions.

By special invitation I on Wednesday wended my way to the City Gymnasium to witness the twenty-first competition for the feather-weight amateur championship. The saloon was crowded to excess, and it is wonderful what a popular exponent of the art A. Austin is. Although many professors have greater advantages, it is certain that none of them can bring off a more successful competition than the City Gymnasium Society mentor. Only four athletes entered the list—Messrs. J. Green, J. Collinson, E. Hutchens, and C. Eden—but the last-named did not put in an appearance. The form shown was not good, Green shaping best, but he was doomed to defeat at the hands of Hutchens, or, rather, the opinion of the judges and referee, who could not have seen half what was done to decide as they did. There was also a members' catch-weight competition, won by F. B. Pope, and a series of excellent display boxing by Messrs. J. Saunders, A. Macfarlane, and Professor Austin, J. Stewart (of Glasgow), Hawkins, Punch Dowsett, &c. Stewart and Messrs. Hawke, Wyatt, and Funnell also gave a fine display of the Indian club exercise.

An excellently arranged and numerously attended *assaut d'armes* was given on Tuesday evening at the Ferndale Baths, Brixton, by the members of the Surrey County Club. I was unable to attend, but a friend has forwarded me the following particulars:—Proceedings commenced with a lively spar between H. S. Giles (light-weight champion amateur, 1875) and E. J. Campbell (Clapham Boxing Club). Next came a performance on the parallel bars, followed by a bout with sticks between Sergeant Rodgers (Scots Guards) (club instructor) and R. Hazard (S.C.C.). Lieutenant Stow (1st Surrey Artillery Volunteers) and Sergeant Cuthbert (L.R.B.) next encountered—the former with the sabre and the Sergeant with the bayonet. R. S. Tayton (S.C.C.) and Abe Daultrey had a set-to with the gloves. Professor J. Dean (late fencing instructor to 1st Life Guards) performed the usual feats of swordmanship, followed by bayonet exercise by a squad of the L.R.B. The St. James's Club did some good work on the horizontal bar. Sergt. Rodgers and ex-Trooper Otterway (2nd Life Guards) encountered with the bayonet. G. H. Vize (W.L.B.C.) and Ned Donnelly boxed. R. H. Tayton and Professor Dean had a turn with the foils. Mr. F. Esden wielded the clubs. Corporal Marcell (L.R.B.) and ex-Trooper Otterway showed pretty play with sabres, and the entertainment concluded with a spar between Corporal Fowse (L.R.B.) and Private Gray (L.R.B.).

EXON.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

MORETON-IN-MARSH STEEPLECHASES.

THURSDAY, MARCH 13.

The OPTIONAL SELLING HUNTERS PLATE.—Mr. Andrews's big Black Tom (S. Darling, jun.), 1; Crescent, 2; Alice, 3. 5 ran.
The STEWARDS' STAKES.—Mr. W. Wilson's b m Lady Curral (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; w.o.c. Manna, 2; Stackpole, 3. 4 ran.
The OPEN HANDICAP.—Mr. E. P. Wilson's b g Radnor (Owner), 1; Alstone, 2. 2 ran.
A HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. G. Ingram's Merry Belle (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Mountain Maid, 2; Taffy, 0. 4 ran.
The SCURRY PLATZ did not fill.

KIRBYMOORSIDE STEEPLECHASES.

THURSDAY, MARCH 13.

The PRINCE OF WALES'S STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. R. Stephenson's Recruit (Adams), 1; George, 2; Wynberg, 3. 5 ran.
The HARK FORWARD FLAT RACE.—Mr. Cabett's Little Pippin (Anderson), 1; Rod in Pickle, 2; Gerkin, 3. 7 ran.
TALLY-HO SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. R. Stephenson's Gillicallum (R. Adams), 1; Meyrick, 2; Empress, 3. 7 ran.
The HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. A. Christie's Midnight (F. Cunningham), 1; Edmund Kean, 2; George, 3. 5 ran.

ROYAL ARTILLERY STEEPLECHASES (SANDOWN PARK).

FRIDAY, MARCH 14.

The CHALLENGE CUP.—Mr. Dalbiac's Kars (Mr. T. Roch), 1; Easterday Day, 2; Sweet Harmony, 0. 4 ran.
The SURREY FARMERS' CUP.—Mr. Older's Lady Burgoyne (Mr. T. W. Beach), 1; Sunbeam, 2; Merry Maid, 3. 5 ran.
The ROYAL ARTILLERY GOLD CUP.—Mr. Carden's Extinguisher (Mr. Dalbiac), 1; Stratagem, 0; Dorothy, 0. 3 ran.
The OPEN MILITARY HUNTERS STAKES.—Mr. Peyton's The Maze (Owner), 1; Nuthatch, 2; Tantiy, 3. 7 ran.
A WELTER HUNTERS STAKES.—Mr. F. Waldron's Kilbride (Owner), 1; Bromham, 2; Cocktail, 0. 4 ran.
A SWEEPSTAKES.—Mr. Carden's Extinguisher (Mr. Dalbiac), 1; Dorothy, 0; Financier, 0. 3 ran.
The WEIGHT-FOR-AGE HUNTERS STAKES.—Colonel Byrne's Gil Blas (Captain French), 1; Pernambuco, 2; Rifleman, 3. 5 ran.

DERBY AND GRAND NATIONAL HUNT.

FRIDAY, MARCH 14.

The TALLY-HO HUNTERS FLAT RACE.—Mr. A. Brocklehurst's Judy (Owner), 1; The Swordsman, 2; Lancer, 3. 8 ran.
A HUNTERS FLAT RACE OF 80 SOVS.—Mr. R. Howett's ch g Puck (Mr. R. Shaw), 1; Purveyor, 2; Prince Geraint, 3. 6 ran.
The GRAND NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. Vyne's ch h Bellringer (Mr. A. Coventry), 1; Golden Cross, 2; Minotaur, 3. 16 ran.
A SELLING OPEN HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Robinson's b c Scrape (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Rivalet, 2; Vanguard, 3. 6 ran.
The DERBY HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. C. Howard's br m Quibble (J. Adams), 1; Inez, 2; Worcester, 3. 5 ran.
The GRAND NATIONAL OPEN HUNTERS PLATE.—Mr. G. W. Minton's Osman (Mr. G. S. Lowe), 1; Lottery, 2; Squeaker, 3. 3 ran.

SATURDAY.

The RED COAT STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. J. Holland's ch g Bickerton (Mr. F. Jacobs), 1; Trafford, 2; Cottosmore, 3. 5 ran.
The GRAND NATIONAL OPEN FARMERS' PLATE.—Mr. W. Wilson's b g by General Peel (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; ch g by John Halifax, 2; Goldfinder, 3. 6 ran.
The DEVONSHIRE HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Vyner's br e Kneller (Brannon), 1; Helios, 2; Queen of Pearls, 3. 9 ran.
The KEDDLESTONE HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. W. Wilson's b m Lady Curral (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Huntingfield, 2; Safeguard, 3. 9 ran.
A SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. P. Harding's ch f Lady Emily (Mr. G. S. Lowe), 1; Highbred, 2; St. Aldates, 3. 5 ran.
The GRAND NATIONAL MAIDEN HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. A. Chirside's b g Skyscraper (Mr. C. J. Cunningham), 1; Minotaur, 2; Playboy, 0. 3 ran.
The HAMMINGTON STEEPLECHASE CUP.—Mr. H. Briggs's Poacher (Mr. Power), 1; Violet, 2; Mistletoe, 3. 4 ran.

BRISTOL MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The BADMINTON HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Hugh Owen's b g Uncle Tom (J. Adams), 1; Dewdrop, 2; Mignonne, 0. 4 ran.
A SELLING HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. Clayton's b g St. Domingo (H. Davis), 1; Decorator, 0; Tynemouth, 0. 3 ran.
The BEAUFORT AND BERKELEY HUNT STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. R. N. Hooper's ch g Modern School (Owner), 1; Marshal Sout, 2; Edmund Kean, 3. 8 ran.
The CITY HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. J. Hefford's ch m Verity (S. Daniels), 1; Royal Oak II., 2; Gunlock, 3. 7 ran.
A MAIDEN SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. E. Woodland's b c Keyhole (Didman), 1; Destitution, 0; Idalia, disq. 4 ran.
A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. J. Robinson's b c Scrape (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Lockhart, 2; Birbeck, 3. 3 ran.
A MAIDEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. E. Woodland's Merryfield (Mr. Woodlands), 1; Destruction, 2; Boxing Day, 3. 7 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The INNKEEPERS' HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. G. Goodchild's Stroller (J. Adams), 1; Lady Ethel, 2; Mignonne, 3. 5 ran.
The BEDMINSTER HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. S. Western's Nugget (Mr. Barnes), 1; Palestine, 2; Gwendoline, 3. 6 ran.

A HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE.—Mr. G. Pullen's Boxing Day (Didman), 1; Eastwell, 2; Despair, 3. 3 ran.
The KNOWLE SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Newman's Hero (H. Davis), 1; Birbeck, 2. 2 ran.
The BRISTOL ROYAL STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. H. Owen's Uncle Tom (J. Adams), 1; Sweet Meadow, 2; Verity, 0. 4 ran.
The OPEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. J. Lowe's Destruction (Mr. H. Lowe), 1; Merryfield, 2; Duplex, 3. 4 ran.

QUORN AND DONINGTON HUNT RACES.

WEDNESDAY.

The LOUGHBOROUGH STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. W. Wilson's Goldfinder (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Gazelle, 2; Lighthouse, 3. 9 ran.
The HALF-BRED WELTER STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. T. Moore's Meteor (Owner), 1; Sweep, 2; Mephistopheles, 3. 7 ran.
The INNKEEPERS' PLATE.—Mr. Wilson's Lady Curral (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Blackberry, 2; Activity, 0. 8 ran.
The QUORN HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. C. Howard's Quibble (Mr. A. Coventry), 1; Truth, 2. 2 ran.
The TRADESMEN'S SELLING STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. A. Dobb's Barton (Billinge), 1; Bachelor, 2; Bess, 3. 9 ran.
The TENANT FARMERS' PLATE.—Mr. S. Robson's Margery (Mr. W. Briggs), 1; Novelty, 2; Polly, 3. 8 ran.

WYE (KENT) STEEPLECHASES.

WEDNESDAY.

An OPEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. J. Paxton's Rothschild (R. Shepherd), 1; The Tippler, 2; Primrose, 3. 5 ran.
The UNITED HUNT CUP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. L. Rich's Rifleman (Owner), 1; The Clown, 0; Emily, 0. 4 ran.
A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Gordon's Midsummer (Barcock), 1; Father Matthew, 2; Cowslip, 3. 8 ran.
A HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE.—Capt. Hammond's The Clown (Mr. P. Maxwell), 1; Theseus, 2; Rifleman, 3. 5 ran.
A CONSOLATION HURDLE STAKES.—Mr. R. Wheeler's Vic (W. Wheeler), 1; Father Matthew, 2; Shortgrove, 3. 4 ran.
A SELLING STEEPLECHASE SWEETSTAKES was declared void.

SEDGEFIELD HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

TUESDAY, MARCH 18.

SEDFIELD HUNT STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. Trenholm's Macbeth (Mr. Trenholm, jun.), 1; Recruit, 2. 2 ran.
SANDS STAKE.—Mr. R. Stephenson's Ghillie Callum (Mr. R. Adams), 1; Honora, 2; Surprise, 0. 5 ran.
HUNTERS' SELLING STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. J. Harrison's Coninscliffe (Owner), 1; South Bank, 2; Gin and Water, 3. 3 ran.
HARDWICK STAKES.—Mr. R. Ord's Sweetheart (Mr. Jackson), 1; Plum, 2; Skittles, 3. 3 ran.

COUNTY DOWN HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

WEDNESDAY.

The COUNTY DOWN HANDICAP HUNT CUP.—Mr. J. Davidson's Yellow Gown (Owner), 1; Bitter Pill, 2; Honour Bright, 3. 8 ran.
The DOWNSHIRE HANDICAP STAKES.—Mr. H. E. Linde's New Purchase (Mr. T. Beasley), 1; Grace II., 2; Little Duchesse, 0. 3 ran.
The POXY PLATE.—Mr. H. J. Hamilton's Matty (Cheshire), 1; Pride of Erin, 2; Queen of Hearts, 0. 5 ran.
The DUFFERIN PLATE.—Captain Young's Attorney (Mr. J. Beasley), 1; Peg the Rake, 2; Master William, 3. 5 ran.
The FARMER'S PLATE.—Mr. J. Perry's Alice May, (Mr. W. Murland), 1; Pride of Erin, 2; Windfall, 3. 6 ran.
The BALLYDUGAN PLATE.—Lord Rossmore's Premium (Gavin), 1; Grace II., 2; Cecropia, 3. 4 ran.

NEWMARKET RACES.

THURSDAY.

The LANWADES HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. J. J. Kirkby's Summermark (A. March), 1; Sportsman, 0; Bell's Life, 0. 3 ran.
The NEWMARKET HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. T. Jennings's Paul's Cray (T. Jennings, jun.), 1; Advance, 2; Iron Duke, 3. 4 ran.
The LIME-KILN SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Harris's Rivulet (Viney), 1; Flame, 2; Duchess of Cambridge, 3. 3 ran.
The MAIDEN HURDLE-RACE PLATE.—Mr. E. Warrington's Orchos (Viney), 1; Militant, 2; La Mancha, 3. 3 ran.
The TRAINERS' and JOCKEYS' GOLD CUP.—Mr. Jos. Cannon's Foxhound, 1; Protector, 2; Australia, 3. 5 ran.

WORCESTER RACES.

THURSDAY.

The COUNTY PLATE.—Mr. Jackson's Mercia (Mr. H. Lowe), 1; Misterton, 2; Harmonia, 3. 3 ran.
The SELLING HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Giles's Alpha (W. R. Thornton), 1; Rowena, 2; Annette, 3.
The HUNT STEEPLECHASE.—Sir W. Throckmorton's Manna, (J. Adams), 1; Belgrade, 2; Cape Horn, 3. 5 ran.
The LICENSED VICTUALERS' HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. T. E. Case Walker's Bugle March (J. Adams), 1; Lucy, 2; St. Bees, 3. 5 ran.
A SELLING STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. G. Darling's Destitution (Owner), 1; Minnie, 2. 2 ran.

STUD NEWS.

THE STUD COMPANY (LIMITED), Cobham, Surrey.—On March 13th, the Stud Company's Otolan, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again; Mr. C. Fletcher's mare by Y. Melbourne—Anonyma, a colt by Dutch Skater, and will be put to Wild Oats; 16th, the Stud Company's Southern Cross, a filly by Soapstone, and will be put to Blue Gown; their Masquerade, a colt by Scottish Chief, and will be put to Blair Athol; and their Mishap, a filly by Carnival, and will be put to Blair Athol; Mr. F. Hardinge's Sister to Bugler, a colt by Wild Oats, and will be put to Cadet; March 17th, the Stud Company's Martinique, a colt by Mortemer, and will be put to Wild Oats; 18th, their Lovelace, a colt by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Wild Oats: March 10th, the Stud Company's Colerina; 17th, Lord Falmouth's Silverhair (dam by Silvio); and his Nike, in foal to Macaroni; 18th, Mr. J. B. Hankey's La Neva. Arrived to Kaiser: March 14th, the Stud Company's Circe.

THE STUD FARM, Moldron, Richmond, Yorkshire.—At Aske, Feb. 2nd, Lord Zetland's Qui Vive, a bay colt by Thunder, and put to Maccaroni; 10th, Lord Zetland's Castellannuys, a chestnut colt by Stratheman, and put to King Lud; March 9th, Mr. Marshall's Dart, Sister to Shumon, a bay colt by Wedmore, and put to King Lud; 11th, Lord Zetland's Installation, a bay colt by Morocco, and put to Carbineer. The following mares have arrived to King Lud: Mr. Godson's Lennie, with chestnut filly by Stratheman; Mr. Bromwich's Dowager, barren; Mr. Barlow's Hesperia, with a bay colt by Knight of the Garter; Mr. Foster's Miss Croft, barren; Mr. Robt. Harrison's Timaru, with a bay colt by Albert Victor; Lord Scarborough's Bassaglia's dam, barren; Lord Zetland's Blanchefleur, barren.

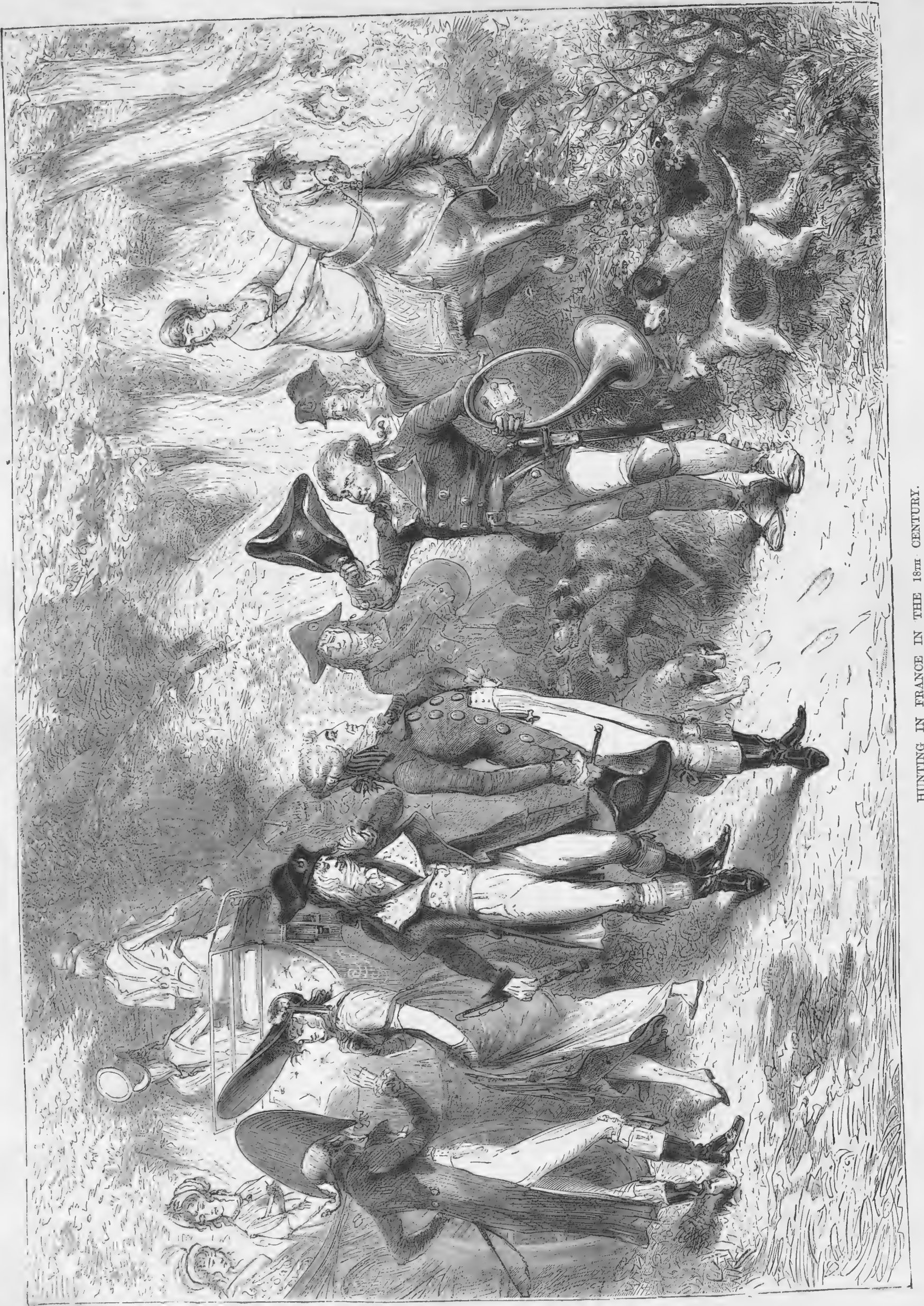
MARDEN DEER PARK, Caterham, Surrey.—On March 14th, Lord Scarborough's Lady Alice Hawthorn (dam of Thorn, Lady Lumley, &c.), a colt foal by Silverster; 16th, Mr. Wolfe's Hilda, by Underhand, a colt foal by Musket, and both go to See Saw; 18th, the Marden Deer Park Stud's Jack (sister to Craig Millar), a filly foal to See Saw, and goes to Wild Oats. Arrived to Craig Millar: The Stud Company's Miss Ida, by Newminster, with a colt foal by Flageolet; also the Marden Deer Park Stud's Bianca, by Weatherbit, Collina (dam of Acropolis), by Newminster, and Cornelia, by Beadsman. Arrived to See Saw: The Stud Company's Invicta, by Blair Athol, barren; Summer's Eve (dam of Rochampton), by Stockwell, in foal to Carnival; the Marden Deer Park Stud's Miss Roland (dam of Craig Millar), barren to Blair Athol; and Miss Grimston (dam of The Reeve), by Stockwell, barren to Mortemer; also Mr. Bromwich's Belle of Kars (dam of Winchelsea), with foal by Wenlock.

The natural mineral water of the Wilhelm's Quelle, which is said to have been celebrated in the Middle Ages, has recently come into vogue, and an enormous quantity was consumed in Germany last year. It has the recommendation of the very highest names in the medical world, including Sir George Burrows, Mr. Spencer Wells, Dr. Quain, and many others.

His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince of Germany honoured Messrs. Look and Whitfield on Monday with a sitting for his portrait for "Men of Mark."

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed times ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. each. ADVT.

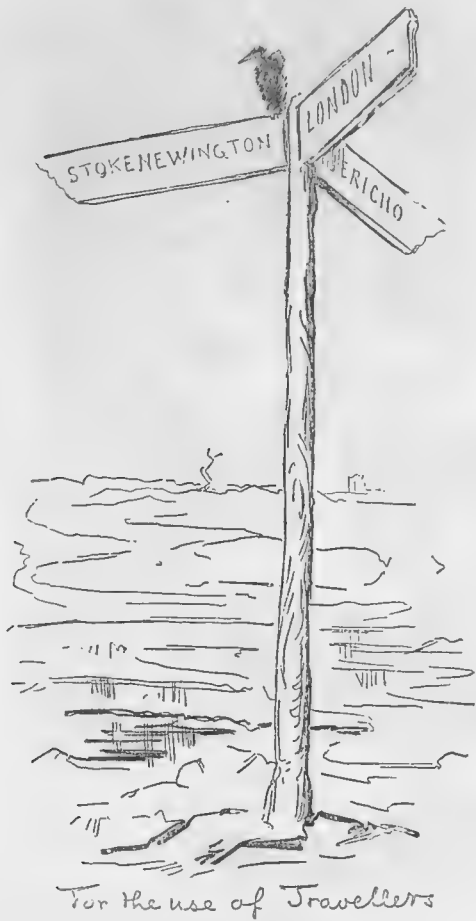
Mrs.—of 105, Euston-place, Belgravia, S.W., will certainly recommend all her friends to Mr. and Mrs. Hart of 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Piccadilly, S.W., as the most liberal purchaser of left-off clothes, &c.—[ADVT.] Opposite the Victoria District Railway Station is Mr. and Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Piccadilly, the old-established buyers of left-off clothes of all descriptions. P.O.O. remitted for parcels of the above, same day as received. Established 1810.—[ADVT.]



HUNTING IN FRANCE IN THE 18TH CENTURY.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

WHERE is Stoke Newington? A gazetteer might be useful. A map of the immediate neighbourhood of that delightful portion of the London suburbs, if it were procurable, might save one's time, especially when one is presented with a ticket for a "subscription concert," to be held at the Assembly Rooms, and when one would not for the world disappoint the donor of the invitation. This is a proof of my confiding nature, that I accept the



invitation, which desires me to present myself at the aforesaid Assembly Rooms. They, by the way, are located in Defoe-road, and one may be pardoned for believing that the genius whose name decorates the highway received the inspiration which led him to depict the lonely solitudes of Juan Fernandez whilst gazing on the melancholy desert of its surroundings. When a Londoner, who is proverbially more ignorant of neighbouring localities than any other creature, finds himself lost or at a local disadvantage, he finds his natural refuge in a cab. Desiring



Stoke Newington, I call a cab. The dramatic profession has not yet attained such a position that it can afford to provide its humble critics with a means of conveyance at all adequate in aspect to their own desire. Thus it is, and I confess it honestly, that I am occasionally the occupant of a cab, and still more frequently the denizen of an omnibus. The cabman whom I

hail in front of the office of this journal is as ignorant of the whereabouts of Stoke Newington as I am. I venture to suggest that according to the best of my belief—and the map of the Metropolitan Railway, which leaves off where it ought to begin—the suburb in question lies somewhere on the road to Edinburgh. The cabman wants to know "if the Hangel is anywhere that road." I return a hazardous affirmative, and we start. We rumble over the pavement of the Strand, along Chancery-lane and Gray's-inn-road, and so beyond the confines of civilisation. As we go I notice, with that keenness of observation which naturally belongs to a stranger in the land, the peculiarities of the new country. I may as well remark here as elsewhere that the object of this wild and adventurous journey was that I might hear Mr. George Fox's cantata of *John Gilpin*. I read the poems of William Cowper when I was a boy at school, and I remember the line—

And all through merry Islington.

Here for the first time in a life of adventure I find myself in the midst of that brick-and-mortar wilderness. I had had visions of trees and fields, and had thought that perchance some faint glimpses of the moon might here console a heart and a pair of eyes long since weary of brick walls. Was Islington "merry Islington" in Cowper's time, I wonder? Or was its merriment even in his days a mere far-off memory? A dull and dingy desert now, at all events, as the cab rumbles through streets of tall houses whose black forests absorb the pale light of insufficient gas lamps as a sponge sucks up water. Speculating on the changed aspect of the place since the poet's days, I am startled by the voice of the mercenary Jehu—"Is it anywhere about here, sir?" I respond through the trap-door with a confession of completest ignorance, and Jehu, recognising at once my helplessness and his own, appeals to a bystander on a desolate cabstand, which at some unknown period had built itself under the fitful light of a wayside public-house. The cabman's appeal is answered by an



ancient waterman, who was possibly in that half-forgotten poet's days a link-boy, dancing before antique sedan chairs, and who may, for aught I can tell, have known John Gilpin in the flesh. "Maybe," said the waterman, whom much lonely contemplation had made sage, "it's the Assembly Rooms you want." In answer to an affirmative grunt from Jehu, the aged man leaning on the street-post at the corner feebly indicates the route. "Go up there, an' then turn to the right. That's your way." Off we go, and turn the corner, and travel through immeasurable miles of dingy brick, always with the dismal lamp-light soaking into the black walls, and leaving the street a ghostly desert everywhere, with ghostly shadows in it. Then, again, as though we travelled in such a circle as lost wanderers in Canadian forests tell of, we come upon another cab-stand near another public-house, before which stands another ancient waterman, who, like the first, supposes, in answer to Jehu's enquiries, that we want the Assembly Rooms. There is about this last old man a certain air of triumph over ignorance as he points with reproachful finger at a desolate building disgraced by too much gas, and looking disreputably drunken in its unaccustomed light. "Can't you see?" said this last old man. "Ain't you got no eyesight? There y'are." We drive to the door of the disreputable building, and I land in the puddle which does duty for a carpet in front of the main entrance. Jehu receives my *douceur* with the gratitude common to his class. Inured by habit to the sort of blessing he bestows upon me, I enter the disreputable building, and—behold! Social Stoke Newington in all its glory dazzles me as I look upon it. If I wanted to criticise my regal friend Cetewayo of Zululand I could do it with impunity, because I should know that the genial chieftain would never see the criticism. In like manner I can venture to praise Stoke Newington and its social splendours without fear of disturbing its modest equilibrium. This paper, wide as is its range, is unknown in that vast desert. The voice of the CAPTIOUS CRITIC is unheard in those distant wilds. Stoke Newington as it commonly lives, and moves, and has its being is unknown to me, but S. N. in its war-paint of society is fearful and wonderful to look at, clothed in frozen magnificences, arctic glories, glacial grandeurs—a thing unapproach-



able. I go up to the place marked out for me by the number of my ticket in spite of the battery of eyes and the glare of many shirt-fronts. I am conscious of my own sartorial shortcomings for I have ventured hither in a frock-coat, and young Stoke Newington to a man is here in swallow-tails. Madame Antoinette Sterling consoles me somewhat, and when she appears upon



the platform I feel easier. Stoke Newington takes it as an evidence of general felonious intent and criminal capacity on my part that I come here in a frock coat, and would, I am persuaded, rise against me and eject me, but for the social *convenances* for which that distant village is so tender. Even Stoke Newington cannot rise against the principal artist of the even-

ings, and although Madame Sterling appeared in the most ordinary walking costume the severest disciples of fashion were tame before her, and consented to listen to her almost as readily as if she had shown them her shoulders. Splendid as Stoke Newington might be, Madame Sterling contrived to make it tolerably clear that she despised it. For apart from the fact that she hid her shoulders and wore a bonnet, she forgot the music she ought to have brought and brought the music she ought to have forgotten (years ago) and insulted fashionable music-knowledge with a charming rendering of certain elderly and grey-headed melodies, familiar to Stoke Newington's grandfathers and grandmothers. The lady's eccentricities had no effect upon Mr. George Fox's comic cantata of *John Gilpin*, which was admirably rendered by Miss Mary Davies, Miss Villiers, Mr. Sidney Tower and the composer, assisted by a most efficient chorus. The cantata is an excellent piece of musical humour, quite in keeping with the poem it is intended to illustrate. Should it ever find its way so far south as London, it will undoubtedly be received with enthusiasm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

SIR,—My old heart warms when I read in your paper the sporting sketches sent you by "Bagatelle." I, too, have stayed at the Den, Sir, and knew "Charlie Manson," or I am much mistaken, while I fancy "Bagatelle" and I must be old comrades. If he was in the army with me he will remember our famous tiffin with Ramebowder Loll in the Chokum Pass, when the cumberbunds came up cold, and our autocratic host was so enraged that he pinned the syce to the waistcoat with his toothpick and left him there. Poor fellow! he was not taken down until next year, when we visited the pass again, and then he complained of nothing but a slight pain in his back, which shows, sir, that those natives will stand anything.

"Bagatelle," Sir, has told you some admirable stories, but he has omitted the most memorable exploit of all that took place at Charlie's, possibly because I was the hero, and your contributor lost his bet. It happened in this way. We were sitting in the smoking-room one night, and Charlie happened to remark to me, "I say, old man, have you raced a train lately?" I was about to reply, when "Bagatelle," who, between ourselves, thinks nobody can ride but himself, growled out behind a partaga as big as a mainmast, "Raced a train! whoever raced a train?" I paid no attention to that remark, but merely said to Charlie, "Have you Satan in the stables still?" "Yes," he answered. "Very well, then," I said. "Now, *mon* Bagatelle, I'll ride Satan to-morrow morning and race the Flying Scotchman. You know the line runs past the end of the Park." "Bagatelle" took his head out of what looked like a celery-glass of brandy and soda, and said "You don't do it for a thousand." "Done!" I returned. "You are on, old man," and he certainly *was* on, and so, for the matter of that, were all of us, for Charlie's Black Strap curls you up like a flea on a hot plate. Well, Sir, to cut a long story short, I had "Satan" out in the morning, and looked heedfully to his saddling. When you have to race a train it's always as well to look to these things yourself; so I saw that saddle, crupper, withers, hocks, girths, pasterns, splints, hoofs, &c., were all in their places and as bright as beeswax could make them, together with the portable medicine chest, the keg of cognac, the pound of Villar y Villar cigars, and one of Whyte-Melville's novels, which I always carried strapped to my pommel *pour passer le temps* in case of accident. At last we started, "Bagatelle" chaffing me unmercifully, and then Charlie Manson looked serious, for Rorty Dick, the driver of the Scotchman, had sworn that if he saw another blanked rider on the line he'd run into him and smash him to smithereens. We could see the train coming round the curve, when, with a wild shout, I dashed on to the line just in front of it. Rorty Dick saw me and yelled in answer, and I could hear him getting up more steam. I need not describe that ride, Sir, but I can assure you that if you are not used to hearing an engine just behind you the feeling is somewhat peculiar. In fact, "Bobbey Packs" and "Leaps in the Dark" are as nothing compared with racing an express. On we flew, and Rorty Dick got so mad that he couldn't catch me that he and his stoker began to pelt me with coke—a most unsportsmanlike proceeding, as you must admit. I was tempted to retaliate with a medicine-bottle or two, but spared them. After an hour's brisk run, during which, though close at Satan's tail, they never caught us, I galloped, and the engine steamed, into a station, where the train stopped, and I received the congratulations of the crowds that had assembled to meet me, for telegrams from roadside stations had warned them of what was going on. Thus, Sir, I raced the Flying Scotchman, and won—as "Bagatelle," who paid up like a man, knows to his cost; and I am only astonished he never told you the story. I may add that, as evidence of the unimpeachable veracity of my tale: I leave at your office *one of the station-master's buttons*, which you can show to anyone who doubts me. "Bagatelle" had one like it, which he kept for years, saying it cost him a thousand—but, ah! Sir, we were mad wags in those days, and—

Noisy youngsters hardly thank us,
For stories of the mighty men
Who graced the Consulship of Plancus.

—Yours obediently,

THE VETERAN.

Longbow Lodge, Melton, March 19, 1879.

P.S.—I have a horrid suspicion that your contributor "Rapier" is one of my missing sons, but don't like to claim him until I have ascertained his financial position. Perhaps you can help me.

[The "Veteran" is well known to us, but knowledge does not exactly inspire us with confidence in his veracity; and some of the incidents in the exciting story do certainly seem a little overstrained.—Ed. J. S. & D.N.]

SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

No. XI.—AN AFTER-DINNER SPORTSMAN.

As a very general rule the less a man talks about his own performances in the saddle the better for his own reputation and the comfort of his friends. There are, of course, exceptions to every rule; as, for example, Dick Christian, whose "lecture," so full of pleasant and unconscious egotism—as from its style it needs must have been—is an abiding joy to all who know the Midlands, either by experience or hearsay. "The Druid" did good service when he interviewed the gallant veteran, and obtained from him those stories which he loved to repeat for the edification of a sympathetic listener. The knowledge, too, that all the old man's statements were strictly accurate lent a charm to his narrative which all stories of sport certainly do not possess; as in the case of Herbert Fluffier, who has lately settled amongst us, and who goes wonderfully straight and well after dinner, or even at breakfast, especially after a glass of curaçoa and brandy, but who does not appear to equal advantage when hounds are running. "On their own merits modest men are dumb," has been said, and if men swagger, the inference may generally be drawn that they are not modest, or that their own merits are, for the most part, imaginary. If we abstain from discussing ourselves, we may be tolerably sure that our friends will discuss us. One wag will suggest that we "go straightest in a hansom cab," and another will delicately, but decidedly, express an opinion that we are not so good as we were; and, with a hint that we were never worth much in our best days, this will sum up the question with tolerable conciseness. Fluffier differs from Mr. Checkley, who was introduced at an early period of these sketches, because the latter never says that he rides, while Fluffier, with considerable *insouciance*, will describe most wonderful feats which he has accomplished—in imagination. Mr. Checkley would be glad to give you the impression that he goes like a bird, but has scruples of conscience, or is wisely deterred by a dread of being found out. Fluffier has no such fears, and gets out of the little difficulties into which his fables lead him with, it must be admitted, with remarkable cleverness.

The first time I saw him I was riding with Wynmerley across the fields over which they had hunted the day before—I had been away, and only just returned—and noticed a dog-cart pull up at the gate of the field at the far end of which we were. A man got down, opened the gate, and walked slowly along the fence.

"What's he doing?" I asked.

"I can't make out," Wynmerley said, looking carefully; and presently he exclaimed, "Why, it's Fluffier!"

"Who's he?" I inquired.

"A wonderful good rider; cuts us all down, and does marvels."

"Really?" I ask, Wynmerley's tone having a shade of sarcasm in it.

"Ask him, my dear fellow. He says so, and of course he ought to know. What the deuce is he at?" Wynmerley inquired as we approached, and saw Fluffier draw from his pocket a little round silver contrivance about the size of a crown. "Come on; we shall have some fun!" he said, as he rode up to the mysterious Fluffier.

"Good morning! what's your little game out here all by yourself? By the way, let me introduce my friend. Mr. Rapier—Mr. Fluffier."

"Good morning!" Fluffier answered. "I just came to measure the jump that we crossed yesterday. I don't think you came this way, did you? I fancy I saw you in the next field just before. My bay horse simply flew over here, and I thought I would see what we cleared."

"A very good way," Wynmerley declared, as grave as a judge. "You measure it carefully, and then you are satisfied."

"Quite so. Then there can be no doubt about it," Fluffier answered.

"Quite so," Wynmerley replied in turn, though not perhaps in accents of pure conviction. "I was away to the right there, in a much easier place."

Fluffier smiled as if the easiest place to him were what other people regard as yawners. "See here," he went on, revealing the fact that the little silver machine contained a yard measure; "we took off at least five feet from the fence, it's at least six feet through, that's eleven; the ditch is six—say seven—that's eighteen, and I'm sure we cleared it by four feet on the other side—that's twenty-two. I should have thought it was more."

"A very good jump, though. Not many of us would have cared about it," Wynmerley hypocritically says, and Fluffier, immensely delighted, answers, "Oh! he doesn't know. It isn't much!"

"How do you account for being such a wonderful good rider?" Wynmerley asks, while I look on in fear lest even the weak-minded Fluffier should see that he is being chaffed; but he accepts the little compliment without the faintest suspicion.

"I don't think that I'm out of the way,—far from it; that's to say of course I *do* ride. It's simply a question of pluck, judgment, and experience. There's really very little credit due to a man who goes straight, after all. Pluck is a matter of constitution—it's born with you—"

"Or it isn't?" Wynmerley breaks in.

"Quite so. It's no credit to you if you have it, I mean. Then judgment is the result of experience, and, of course, I've had a good deal of experience in hunting. Well, good-bye, old man; it's rather damp on the grass, and I must be getting on. Good morning, Mr. Rapier. We shall meet to-morrow, I daresay?"

"Did he jump that fence?" I ask, as we canter along.

"Jump it? No, not he. Scrambled through and got over the ditch, and vows he flew the whole thing with a few yards to spare. The queerest part of the business is that he really believes what he tells you. We shall see him out to-morrow, but you won't see him jump many big fences. I believe he left Staffordshire because they chaffed him so,

though I can't make out what they said to him; for he never seems to see the most outrageous joke at his own expense, just as he swallowed what I said about his riding."

Next morning we met at the Cross Roads, and early on the spot was Fluffier, gorgeously arrayed in spotless pink, the whitest of buckskin breeches, the shiniest of boots with delicate cream coloured tops, these latter being shielded from splashes of mud by a species of apron attached to leathern wings fastened to the saddle on each side. He was mounted on a well-bred brown mare, a likely-looking hunter of apparently a very temperate disposition. We exchanged greetings, and I made some complimentary remarks about his mount.

"Yes," he admitted, with a thin assumption of modesty, "she's a good old mare. Rather wild sometimes, and has some awkward tricks, but luckily I'm used to her. Where are we going to draw?"

"That gorse," Downing answered. "It's a sure find, and if we get away the other side of the common it's a splendid country."

"Isn't the Swish somewhere in that direction?" Scatterley asks. "It's a big brook we have to cross sometimes—that is of course to say, if we can," he explained for the edification of Fluffier, who was new to the country. "I hope you are on a good jumper?"

"Pretty fair, thanks," Fluffier replies, patting his mare's neck; and then, as a move is evidently about to be made, removing the coverings which have preserved the spotlessness of his garments.

We skirt the gorse, from the other end of which a big dog-fox presently steals away, and is half across the next field before the hounds have hit off the scent. Then, with a rush, the field is off after them, the first fence being so very small and thin that no man shrinks from making his way either over or through, and on we tear, Fluffier looking back and apparently wondering whether it would be worth while to measure his jump. After this for some time I lose sight of him, but at the first check he turns up, remarks with some satisfaction that this is a good beginning, at any rate, and asks if we saw him do the fence in the bottom. I had happened to observe him at the spot in question, and noticed that he trotted through without the necessity for anything in the shape of a jump; but concerning this I held my peace.

"They're running, aren't they?" Scatterley suddenly asks, looking straight away over a set of posts and rails immediately in front of us. "Yes. Hold up!" he cries to his horse, as the animal stops and "slithers" down to the rails with no attempt at jumping. Wheeling round, he canters up to them again, but they are a good deal stiffer than the horse cares about, though the rider is willing enough, and another refusal is the consequence.

"Give me a lead, somebody! Wynmerley, your horse is sure to go," Scatterley exclaims. But Wynmerley winks slightly at me, and says—

"I'm not so sure, he's rather a brute. Ah! Fluffier will show us the way. Will you go?"

Fluffier is not at all eager to do anything of the sort; but if he is not ready to jump rails he is quite ready to explain the reason of his forbearance.

"My dear fellow," he says, "if I were on any other horse in my stable there's nothing I should like better, but this mare won't rise an inch at timber. It's her only fault. At water she's the best I ever rode."

Wynmerley smiles, not altogether without derision; but Fluffier does not see it, being occupied with the recalcitrant mare.

"I suppose I must try, then," Wynmerley says, and slips over with consummate ease; while Scatterley's horse blunders and snashes the two top ones, without, however, coming to grief.

"Strange thing about the mare, that she won't rise at timber, isn't it?" Fluffier says, as we cross the next field, feeling that some sort of an excuse is necessary. "She's so good and clever at everything else, but you saw she didn't half like even that low rail that Scatterley left unbroken? They seem to be bearing rather to the right, don't they? Through that gate is the quickest way, I fancy," and he gallops off, right away from the line, to escape the fence in front of us, which the first flight are over and the second are engaged upon.

Soon after we join again, and Wynmerley says,—

"Now you'll have a chance with your water-jumper, Fluffier. We are going straight for the Swish, and it's pretty big, too, after the rain."

"Where is it?" the after-dinner sportsman asks, not exactly in eager tones.

"Straight ahead, in the field by the clump of trees there," Wynmerley replies, and into the field we gallop, numerous splashes showing where hounds are jumping in. Sir Henry, the Master, is in his usual place, well with the hounds, and over it he goes in gallant style. Keen as Wynmerley is he cannot resist the fun of chaffing Fluffier, and he encourages him to the attempt.

"Go on, old man, and give us a lead over!" he cries; and poor Fluffier, in a mortal funk, has no excuse ready.

"All right!" he feebly answers, and goes towards the water; but his pace gradually decreases, and the mare, feeling that he does not mean it, comes to a stop at the brink.

"Try again, she'll do it!" Wynmerley shouts. Fluffier, however, shakes his head.

"No! There must be something wrong with her. I felt her going queerly a little way back. I'm afraid she's hurt herself," whereupon he slips from the saddle and begins to feel the mare's legs with an affection of deep anxiety. Wynmerley grins, and the next moment is on the other side of the brook. Scatterley promptly jumps into the middle, while Downing and some of the more cautious spirits go along the bank to a ford, of whose existence Fluffier was unaware. His mare evidently wanted to follow, but he was bound to keep up the imposture, and actually led her across the field in the opposite direction to that in which we were going.

I am afraid that the events of the day gave no opportunity for an entry in the book of big jumps.

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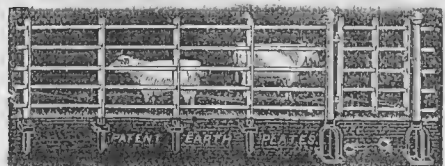
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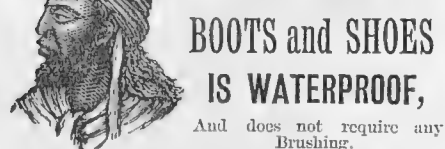
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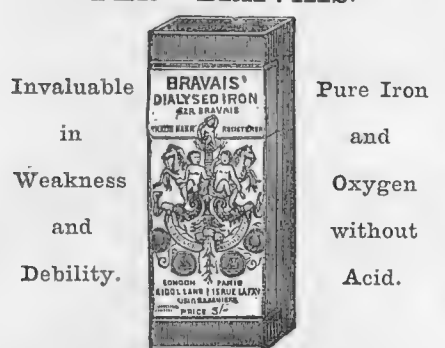
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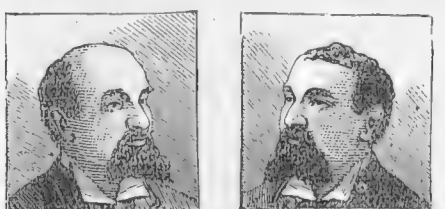


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The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

CHARLES ADAMS.—We are not sure, but we find that Macready played Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* at Drury Lane Theatre, on May 13th, 1834, on which occasion Farren played Justice Shallow.

H. LACEY.—The Lord Chamberlain has closed the theatres on the deaths of royal personages, and may, we presume, do so again.

ALFRED JAMES DUST.—On the contrary, Sergeant Talfourd was extremely proud of his reputation as a dramatist, and terribly sensitive and jealous with regard to it. There is a story extant on very good authority of his reading an unfavourable notice of his play, *Ion*, and growing quite violent in his language; so deeply was it felt, and so enraged was he. Miss Mitford, whose play of *Rienzi* had been running fifty nights—then no mean triumph—was present; and, in trying to soothe him, said, if her play had been condemned in the same way, she was sure her anger would never have been aroused. Upon which the serjeant rudely and contemptuously responded: "Your *Rienzi* indeed! I daresay not! That is very different!" It is also said, that when the late Charles Dickens was staying at Broadstairs, he said one day to Rogers—who was also staying there—"We shall have Talfourd here to-night." "Shall we?" said the banker-poet. "I am glad to hear it; he must dine with us. But how did you know it?" "Because," said Dickens with a laugh, "*Ion* is to be acted at Margate, and he is never absent from any of its representations."

W. VIAN.—Mr. Sothern made his first appearance as David Garrick in the play of that name, in April 1864, at the Haymarket Theatre.

M. W.—Mr. Harness's edition of Shakespeare's works was published in 8 vols. octavo, in 1825. A second edition, illustrated, appeared in 1830, and a third, with plates by Heath, in 1833. Several other illustrated editions were afterwards published, the latest of which came out in 1840, containing a copy of the Chandos portrait, described historically in a reply given to a correspondent last week.

F. E. T.—Mrs. Robert Keeley's maiden name was Goward. She was born at Ipswich in 1803, and made her debut at the Lyceum Theatre in 1825. She last played in 1878, on the occasion of Mrs. Alfred Mellon's benefit at Drury Lane Theatre.

OLIVER S. HOLT.—1. No relation at all. 2. Yes. Mrs. Bancroft was Miss Marie Wilton, a fact which generally appears in all programmes and advertisements.

SPORTING.

G. E. K.—1. Tom Crib, the pugilistic Champion of England, was originally a coal-heaver. His height was about five feet eight inches. 2. The Castle Tavern in Holborn was first opened as a sporting house by Robert Gregson, the pugilist—better known as Bob Gregson—in whose time it became known as Bob's Chop House. As a pugilist it used to be said of him that he resembled a drum, you never heard of him except when he was beaten. He was well-known in the studios of Sir Thomas Lawrence and other celebrated painters as an artist's model, and to "the fancy" as a writer of songs and rhymes in praise of boxing. Amongst the most regular of his patrons was John Emery, the actor, whose clever fiddle-playing, stories, and singing attracted many of its most profitable visitors.

F. F. F.—The hero of the old song "Tom Moody" was a real personage. He was for upwards of thirty years whipper-in to Squire Forrester's foxhounds in Shropshire, and it actually was his desire that when death ran him "to earth" the members of a village club to which he belonged should give "a rattling view-halloo" over his grave.

EDWARD COOPER.—Your queries shall be answered in our next issue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHARLES PEEL.—Sir Chaloner Ogle was appointed a Captain in the British Navy on March 14th, 1708.

A. F. CORDING.—The pigment called Prussian blue derives its name from the fact that it was discovered (by accident in 1740) and first manufactured by a chemist in Berlin.

S. O. M.—1. The first English marquis was Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, whom Richard II., in 1387, created Marquis of Dublin. This title is derived from the French. 2. According to Evelyn, cabbages were first imported into England, from the Netherlands, in 1530.

R. A. S.—1. Giraldus Cambrensis asserts that the ancient Welsh archers could send an arrow through a plank of oak four inches in thickness, and gives an anecdote of one who sent his arrow first through one armed leg of a knight, pinning it to the horse through the saddle, and then through the other. The arrows of Percy's archers, who fought at Halidon Hill near Berwick, under Edward I., also pierced the helmets and armour of their enemies, and it is added in some cases went through the hardened steel of their swords. 2. Robin Hood has the reputation of shooting an arrow to the distance of a mile, and it is on record that in 1792 Mahmood Effendi, Secretary to the Turkish Embassy in London, shot an arrow 415 yards, partly against the wind, and with the wind 482 yards. This was done in the grounds adjoining Bedford House. Afterwards, in 1793, the Sultan himself shot an arrow to the distance of 972 yards. 3. When the Saxons arrived in England they carried both the long bow and the cross bow. 4. The English archers fought both afoot and mounted, as is shown by the muster roll of Henry V.'s army. 5. The use of the bow continued many years after firearms had been introduced.

COLLECTOR.—Lodovico Barbieri was a Bolognese historical painter, who flourished in the middle of the 17th century. Luca Barbieri was his relative and contemporary, a painter of landscape and architecture.

EDMUND CLIVE.—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin" is from Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*.

JAMES DAXTER.—Maltha is one of the names for mineral pitch.

ELLEY GREEN.—The number of weekly journals published in London in 1844 was about sixty.

N. N. M.—The officer of the 45th Regiment referred to as "Old Charley" was Colonel Donellan, who fell at the battle of Talavera in July, 1809. He

was also known as "the last of the powderers," because when in uniform, long after the hair was worn unpowdered in the army, he always appeared with his powdered, wearing the old jack boots and white buckskin breeches, which had also been abandoned. He was a very eccentric, but brave, able officer, who enjoyed immense popularity amongst his men, and, although a strict disciplinarian, governed them without flogging, to the astonishment, or annoyance, of his brother officers in other regiments. It is told in illustration of this popularity that when Lord Wellington reviewed his troops, just before the battle of Talavera, the extending lines of soldiers stood silent and motionless, perfect patterns of mechanical precision and discipline, the men of the 45th amongst them. Colonel Donellan had been absent commanding the first battalion, but on that morning a vacancy having occurred, he was sent back to command his favourite second battalion. To the dismay and consternation of all present, no sooner was the famous cauliflower head and stiff white breeches of "Old Charley" recognized by his men than the line, no longer a row of motionless speechless statues, was thrown into confusion. "There goes old Charley!" exclaimed some, and in an instant every head of the 45th was turned towards him as their owners set up a great shout of irrepressible delight, throwing up their guns, hands, and caps in wild excitement, with such exclamations as, "God bless the old boy!" and "Long life to Old Charley!" etc. Colonel Donellan was almost as excited as the men. He removed his cocked hat, thereby setting free a shower of white powder, and cordially saluted his enthusiastic friends. Wellington is said to have been very angry at so gross a breach of discipline, although he was induced to overlook it. Old Charley and his gallant men fought nobly in the thickest of the fight, and did most important services, winning the highest praise. Colonel Donellan was there wounded in the knee. For want of surgical aid the wound mortified, and he died three days after in the hands of the French, from whom he received the most respectful and kindly treatment.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1879.

THE SELECTION OF BROOD MARES.—No. IV.

HITHERTO, in treating of the above subject, we have confined ourselves to the consideration of "how and when" to make purchases, leaving it for the present article to advise what principles should guide the tyro in breeding in his choice, so far as blood, shape, and previous performances at the stud and on the turf are concerned, these three points for consideration presenting themselves in the order named. Of course in bidding for some star of the stud-book, the grandest of well-favoured matrons, a winner of good races, and a dam of good winners, all is plain sailing enough; but such opportunities present themselves but rarely, comparatively speaking, and the beginner will have to cast about on his own hook for other articles, not ready made to hand. Blood, of course, is a primary consideration with most men, and justly so, because not only do we find ample confirmation in the stud-book of the old saying, *fortes creantur fortibus et bonis*, but because fashionable descent is as assiduously sought by purchasers of yearlings as by aspirants to figure in "society." Still, the recommendation of fine blood must not be allowed to prevail to the exclusion of considerations of make and shape; and we are every day coming across splendidly bred but wretchedly shaped animals, such as no one with a grain of practical knowledge would select as likely to bring forth likely produce. So that we cannot consider one qualification apart from the other, though we have placed "blood" in the forefront, as naturally attracting our attention in a primary degree. As a first principle, then, in selecting mares on the score of blood, we think that the purchaser will study his own interests by going in for variety rather than by binding himself down to any particular strain, either because it happens to be fashionable or because it may appear suitable for blending with that of certain previously selected sires, one or more of which may be in the collector's possession, or easily accessible by him, or desirable in point of cheapness, or in any way likely to suit the mares of which his stud will eventually be composed. We are not, of course, preaching against the policy of purchasing mares likely to "nick" with a particular horse, but we consider it the reverse of desirable to have all our eggs in the same basket, and therefore we would counsel the adoption of the principle of variety, which will be found as "charming" in this department as in others. We need only have acquired the most superficial acquaintance with the stud-book to convince us that fashion changes as frequently in the matter of blood as in all other mundane affairs, and that each of the great racing families and subdivisions of families has its turn in the tide of popularity. Offshoots from the great thoroughbred tree which have long pined in the cold shade of opposition, when once heated by the rays of the sun of success, seem to acquire new vitality, and from obscurity to burgeon forth, to the obscuration of other branches, the turn of which has arrived to sink for a time into oblivion and neglect. Many such instances will occur to the most casual student of pedigrees, and we have no space to enlarge upon so fruitful and interesting a theme; but it will be sufficiently apparent that the embryo breeder should furnish himself with a varied assemblage of as many of the best strains as he can find satisfactorily represented, and fulfilling the conditions of shape and performances no less than that of illustrious descent. Of course there are invariably certain "staple" articles (if we may so term them) which the beginner cannot do wrong in securing; and at the present day Stockwell, Rataplan, and Orlando mares must of necessity find a place in any stud of high-class pretensions, merely for the reason that their ability and excellence have been fully and thoroughly put to the proof, and, like good wine, need no bush. We should not recommend any one to be over particular in harking back to names of bygone celebrities which have come to be regarded as "landmarks" in stud-book lore, since it must be evident to all save the "Old Mortalities" who are constantly raking over the bones and ashes of animals which were remote ancestors of our present stock, that their representatives have come down to us so altered and imbued with alien sources of blood as to be unrecognisable, save in theory, for the lineal descendants of the Turks, Barbs, and Arabs, of which tradition has handed down to us the names as founders of the thoroughbred dynasty. In fact, our bloods have been so blended, fused, and intermingled, that the further we trace back descents the greater is our confusion of mind; and by this time we should be taking fresh starting-points in our back reckonings, such names as Birdcatcher, Touchstone, Sweetmeat, &c., occupying the places of those of Waxy and Co., which have long ceased to be distinctive in the proper sense of the word. As regards the make and shape of mares, more practical knowledge is required, which can only be attained by experience, though there are certain

broad principles for our guidance which may be stated without fear of contradiction, and we may as well treat of "soundness" under this head as any other division of our subject. We hear a great deal about contradictions in practice constantly arising, and of how great winners are bred from mean-looking mares, to the confusion of those who pin their faith to the "large roomy" matrons which most breeders are so anxious to secure; but many of those who argue in this fashion are very superficial judges after all, and constantly mistaken in their estimates of this or that nursing mother of the stud. We do not by any means wish to depreciate such splendid specimens as Eastern Princess, Seclusion, Marigold, and other types of grand-looking queens of the paddock; but we can safely assert that we never knew a great winner spring from the "wretches" which some have been so bold as to stigmatise animals built on a less commanding scale, and not so magnificent at first sight. Plain some of these "mothers of great racers" may be, but their qualifications gradually dawn upon the keen observer, and it is just here that fine judgment asserts itself, refusing to be led away by mere cursory inspection, but mentally measuring, dissecting, and weighing the qualifications of the candidate for breeding honours. Whether or not it is expedient to breed from roaners is a question we had rather leave alone in this place, seeing that one great breeding authority at least (and he the most successful Turfite of modern days) sees no objection to the practice; but the consideration of this rather "delicate subject" demands an article to itself, instead of being attempted to be settled off-hand. We consider, then, the great desiderata in the matter of shape in a brood mare to be deep girth, good breadth across the hips, and sufficient length; in a word, plenty of room in all those departments of animal economy which play all-important parts during the period of gestation. A model matron should stand square and true on her legs, and is, consequently, never the worse for being a trifle broad-chested, while the legs themselves should be short, well formed, and free from infirmities likely to be transmitted to her progeny, in which the malformations of the parent are too often visited. Shoulders should, of course, be long and sloping, and neck straight and strong, any tendency to be ewe necked or curved in the opposite direction being indicative of lack of stamina and softness. The feet should be tough, well-shaped, and of good material, and should be carefully examined and compared for the purpose of detecting the existence of club feet, shelly hoofs, and other deformities and drawbacks likely to be perpetuated. A mare should be good both to meet and to follow, an easy mover, and the more even-tempered and generous in disposition she appears, the less her troubles in foaling are likely to be; while the careful observer will not fail to look carefully round at the eyes, and to take notes of half a score of those "little things" which count for so much in the general make-up of a horse. Here we must break off for the present, reserving for a final article the consideration of performances on the turf and the stud, or of both combined, as the case may be, according as the would-be purchaser is taking stock of an animal just out of training, or of one already enrolled in the stud-book.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

A DRAMATIC STORY

Adapted expressly for this paper.

By HOWARD PAUL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Paul de Najac stepped on board the *St. Eustache* he had a heavy heart. The thought of Gabrielle being left in the hands of adventurers caused him ceaseless anxiety. And now, when it was too late, he almost repented the extreme confidence he had placed in Eugène Noriac, and he realised the terrible temptation which he had put in his way. The days passed slowly; it was a tedious voyage, and the *St. Eustache* had been out three months, when one afternoon he was suddenly seen to stagger and fall backwards on the deck. They raised him, but he gave no sign of life, and the blood flowed from his mouth and nostrils. What had happened? No one had seen anything, yet they found he had a wound on the back of the head, such a wound as a heavy hammer in the hands of a powerful man might have produced. Some hairs and a clot of blood which were found on an enormous block afforded a clue, and it seemed that the rope to which this block was fastened must have slipped out of the hands of one of the sailors in the rigging. Doubtless this man, frightened by the consequences of his awkwardness, had drawn up the block so promptly that he had not been noticed, and no one could expect that he would accuse himself. Paul soon returned to duty, and as the voyage was drawing to a conclusion the accident was quickly forgotten. One fine evening as the sun was setting land was seen, and the next morning at daybreak the frigate sailed into the Dong-Nai, the king of Cochinchina rivers, which is sufficiently deep for vessels of large tonnage to ascend as far as Saigon.

Saigon consists mainly of one wide street running parallel with the right bank of the river: a primitive unpaved street, lined with wooden houses covered with palm leaves.

But every town is beautiful where we land after a long voyage. Hence, as soon as the *St. Eustache* was at anchor, all the officers, except the midshipman on duty, went on shore, and hastened to the government house to ask if letters from France had arrived there before them. They were not disappointed. Two ships, which had sailed a month later than the *St. Eustache*, had arrived, bringing despatches. There were two letters for Paul, but neither in Gabrielle's handwriting. One was signed "Eugène Noriac," the other "Countess St. Roch, née Zita Denman." Paul commenced with the latter. After informing him of her marriage, Zita described at great length Gabrielle's conduct on her wedding-day.

"But I will forgive her," she said, "for your sake, Paul, because I cannot see anyone suffer who has loved you. Ah! why did you not prevent my marriage, when you could have done so by a single word? They think me triumphant. I was never more wretched."

"She laughs at me," he thought; "she means that she hates Gabrielle, and will persecute her." Eugène's letter reassured him a little. He confirmed Zita's account, but added that Mlle. Gabrielle was calm and resigned, and that her step-mother treated her kindly. The surprising part was that Noriac did not say a word of the large sum of money entrusted to his care, nor how he had sold Paul's estate. But De Najac did not notice this; all his thoughts were with Gabrielle.

"Why should she not have written," he thought, "when all

the others found means to do so?" Overwhelmed with disappointment he quitted his companions, and went back, sad and solitary, towards the harbour. It was so dark that he had great difficulty in finding the boat of the St. Eustache, and when he discovered it, the only occupant was a little midshipman, who informed him that all the men were in the town. Just as the lieutenant was turning away to seek them, a man started up out of the darkness.

"Want a boat, Mr. Officer?" he asked in a jargon of French and English. "I can take you over."

"I'll give you a couple of francs for the job," answered Paul, following the man to a very small boat lying lower down the wharf. The boatman pushed off very awkwardly, so much so that De Najac could not help saying,—

"You are no sailor, I can see."

"I beg pardon, sir, I used to be one when I was at Shanghai, before I came to this country."

The lieutenant soon sank into sad thought, but he was unpleasantly roused by suddenly finding himself in the water. The boat had upset. A furious current carried him down like a straw; it was perfectly dark, and the boatman was nowhere to be seen. Just as he was beginning to despair, he caught sight of a red light, indicating a vessel at anchor. He swam towards it and succeeded in grasping the anchor chain, but an eddy seized him and tore the chain, slippery with mud, out of his stiffened hands. When he rose to the surface the red light was far above him, and he seemed beyond the reach of human help. His only chance was to make for one of the banks, but the river here was as wide as an arm of the sea. With difficulty he rid himself of his clothes, and then began to swim towards the right shore, on which Saigon stands. In about half-an-hour the wash of the water told him he was near the land, and with the assistance of the root of a tree he at last found himself on terra firma. After a few minutes he was sufficiently recovered to walk, and started on the way to the town. Some sailors whom he met lent him some clothes, and assisted him on board the St. Eustache, where he arrived more dead than alive.

"A second miraculous escape!" exclaimed his comrades, when he narrated his adventure; "mind the third!"

"Mind the third!" that was exactly what Paul thought. That block which had fallen on his head, no one knew whence, this boat sinking suddenly, and without apparent cause—were they the work of chance alone?

CHAPTER XIX.

At the end of a couple of months M. de Najac was appointed to the command of a steam-sloop, which was ordered to explore the River Kamboja from the sea to Mitho, the second city of Cochinchina.

The mission was so successful that the Legion of Honour was presented to him, a distinction which once would have made De Najac supremely happy, but now it gave him no pleasure. For he had been absent from Paris a whole year, ship after ship had arrived, but not a single line from Gabrielle. How could this silence be explained? She was alive, for every mail brought him letters from Eugène, or from Zita, in which they spoke of her. The latter described her as reconciled to her father's marriage, and becoming very much attached to Sir Peabody. The countess added:

"Do you remember that evening, when, pressing Zita Denman to your heart, you swore to be hers for ever? I obey an impulse more powerful than reason; I must write to you, I cannot help it!"

Eugène spoke of Gabrielle differently, but by no means reassuringly. He alluded to calumnies which affected her reputation, and said he foresaw that she would leave her father's house in spite of all his advice to the contrary.

"And not one line from her!" exclaimed Paul. And he wrote her letter after letter imploring her to relieve him of this torturing uncertainty. He did not heed Zita's strange expressions of attachment; he looked upon them only as a fresh snare; but he came to believe that Gabrielle had forgotten him and would never be his wife. The world seemed intolerable without her, and his only tie to life was the hope of vengeance. Striving to escape from his miserable thoughts, he accepted an invitation to join a number of his comrades in a hunting-party.

"A fine opportunity," he thought, with a bitter laugh, "for Zita Denman's assassin!"

When they arrived on the following day on the hunting ground, he, as well as the others, had their posts assigned them by their leader, and they had been shooting for an hour when De Najac's neighbours saw him suddenly drop his gun and fall. As they hurried up to catch him they heard him say,

"This time they have not missed me!"

The chief surgeon directed the sailors to prepare a litter of branches to convey the wounded man to Saigon. The noise of a struggle interrupted his orders. Two sailors emerged from the thicket, dragging a man with a gun, who wore the dress of an Annamite, but was evidently an European.

"Here is the scoundrel," they cried, "who has killed our lieutenant!"

"Why do you accuse him?" asked the doctor.

"He was hiding, sir, behind that big bush, to the right of Lieut. de Najac, a little in the rear."

"Give me your gun," he said to the man, who obeyed. The doctor examined the weapon carefully. "Both barrels have been discharged not more than a few minutes ago."

The man turned pale, but replied, "I fired both barrels at an animal just now, but my back was turned to the officer."

"Do not be alarmed, my friend," interrupted the surgeon, with great benevolence; "there is a test which will establish your innocence. The ball that has struck Lieut. de Najac is still in the wound. We all here have breechloaders; you are the only one who has a rifle with round balls, so we shall easily see!"

The wretch became livid; he hesitated for an instant, then suddenly fell on his knees, and cried out,—

"I confess! It may be I who hit the officer. I heard the bushes moving in his direction, and I fired at a guess. It was an accident, I swear."

The doctor ordered two sailors to bind the man and carry him to Saigon to prison. Then he hastened to superintend the preparations for conveying Paul. Two officers went in advance to order a room to be made ready.

De Najac was placed on a bed, and the surgeon extracted the bullet, and gave some hopes of his recovery, provided the great heat of the climate did not produce fever. The gun taken from the murderer was produced, and the ball was found to fit exactly.

CHAPTER XX.

As soon as he was alone the doctor pursued this line of reasoning. "Why," he reflected, "why might not this scamp be the author of the other two attempts likewise? The man, once engaged, could easily have been put on board the Saint Eustache, thinking that on a long voyage, or in a land like this, he would find a chance of earning his money without much risk." Accordingly the next morning the old surgeon consulted the chief magistrate of Saigon, and, accompanied by a clerk,

they repaired to the prison cell where the suspected culprit was confined.

When they entered he was sitting on his bed, but jumped up on seeing the doctor, exclaiming,—

"Has the officer died?"

"Oh, no!" replied the old man, "he will be all right in a fortnight or so."

The assassin turned pale and trembled. But he promptly recovered himself, and falling on his knees, with folded hands, he murmured dramatically,—

"Then I am not a murderer! Oh, God, I thank thee!"

It was evidently the merest hypocrisy, for his looks contradicted his words. The magistrate, however, seemed to be deceived.

"You show proper feeling," he said. "What is your name?"

"Jean Goriot, aged 35, and engraver on metal; had come to Cochinchina in search of work, and for want of better employment had taken service as a waiter."

These were the man's answers to the questions put to him, and he further declared that he had gone to the hunt simply because he was fond of sport.

The man was placed under arrest, and then the magistrate, turning to the doctor, said: "You were right, doctor; that man is an assassin. The friend, whose name he would not reveal, is no other person than the rascal whose tool he is. I mean to get that name out of him, if M. de Najac recovers and can give me the slightest hint. Therefore, nurse your patient."

At that moment Paul's condition depended upon time and constitution. To question him would have been impossible, for he was delirious. The names of Zita and Gabrielle were constantly on his lips. For twenty days he remained thus; and for twenty days and nights his "man," Amédée Achard, who had caught the murderer, was by his bedside watching him tenderly.

"I'll have you appointed head nurse to the navy, Achard," said the old surgeon.

But he shook his head and answered, "I should not like the place, sir. Only, you see, when we were down there on the Kamboja, and I was writhing like a worm with the cholera, Lieut. de Najac tended me like a brother."

The surgeon visited the wounded man four or five times a day. Sitting by his side he soon learned part of his history,—that he was engaged to a daughter of Count Saint-Roch, from whom he had been separated by a forged letter. The doctor's conjectures were thus confirmed; such cowardly forgers would not hesitate to hire an assassin.

But he could not compromise the dignity of his profession by divulging secrets which he had learnt by the bedside of a patient. And to the magistrate's enquiries he always answered, "I have nothing new to tell you. It will be weeks before my patient can be examined."

In the meantime Paul's long delirium had been succeeded by a period of stupor. When he was aroused for a time he always asked, faintly, "Are there no letters from France?" And though during his illness eight or ten letters had arrived for him, Achard invariably answered, "None, lieutenant."

These were the doctor's orders, for the least excitement might have been fatal.

A fortnight passed, and Paul recovered some little strength, but his anxiety for letters became alarming. The doctor at last came to the conclusion that this agitation was likely to become as dangerous as the excitement he dreaded so much: so after some consideration he handed him a packet of letters. Paul recognised Gabrielle's handwriting, and uttered a cry of delight.

"At last she has written!" and he kissed the envelope. He opened one of the letters, and read:—

"My darling Paul,—How could you entrust me to such an infamous man as Eugène Noriac? If you knew—"

This was the long letter written by Gabrielle the day after M. Noriac's declaration of love. As Paul read on his face grew paler than ever, and when he reached the concluding words,—"*Come back, for Heaven's sake, if you wish to save your Gabrielle's life!*" he sprang out of bed, crying wildly,—

"My clothes, Achard! Make haste! Run to the harbour, there must be a steamer there. I will buy it. In an hour I must be on my way."

But this great effort had exhausted him. He tottered, and fell fainting into Achard's arms, stammering,—

"The letter, doctor, read the letter; and you will see that I must go."

They carried him back to bed, but for many minutes they could not tell whether life was extinct or not, and when at last he opened his eyes, the vacant stare told them that reason had not been able to resist this new shock.

The surgeon exhausted all the resources of his skill; he could do nothing now but wait. Picking up the fatal letter, he glanced over it. A tear ran down his bronzed cheek, and he muttered,—

"Poor De Najac! This is enough to madden a man!"

Going out he met the magistrate, who came to ask for news.

"Well?" he asked.

"Lieut. de Najac has a violent brain-fever," replied the doctor in a tone of despair. "Exhausted as he is, it would take a miracle to save him now. In twenty-four hours he will be a dead man, and his murderers will triumph."

"Have you discovered anything new?"

"Yes. I think I hold the thread of the plot. If he could only live!"

"Console yourself, doctor. Whether De Najac live or die, justice shall be done!"

He spoke with such certainty that the old surgeon was struck by it. He exclaimed,—

"Has the man confessed the crime?"

"No," replied the magistrate, shaking his head; "but I have been searching; and I think I have sufficient evidence to bring out the truth. But we cannot talk here. Come into my room."

When they reached the magistrate's room, he shut the door carefully, and inviting the surgeon to be seated, he said,—

"I know now who Jean Goriot really is, and the principal events of his life. As he had been for four months on board the St. Eustache, in company with one hundred and fifty emigrants, I thought it likely he would break the monotony of the voyage by talking to his acquaintances. I sent, one by one, for all his fellow passengers, and found that they each knew some detail of Goriot's life. Thus, by means of the confessions of the accused, his confidences to others, and his indiscretions when he was drunk, I was enabled to complete a correct biography of him. But this biography establishes nothing. We require proof. Here it is. This," he continued, drawing forth a letter, "was sent to me a fortnight after the last attempt had been made on M. de Najac's life. Listen!"

"Sir,—I have been told that a certain Jean Goriot has shot Lieut. de Najac, of the St. Eustache. In connection with this misfortune, I feel bound to make known that one day, on board the St. Eustache, I was on a yard arm, side by side with Goriot, when I saw him drop a huge block upon Lieut. de Najac. He pulled the block up again instantly, and implored me to keep the accident secret, as it might ruin him. Thinking he had been simply awkward, I promised not to tell; but what has happened since proves that I was wrong to keep silence. Only, sir, I beg you will protect me, in case Goriot should think of

revenging himself on me or my family, of which he is quite capable."

"Have you seen this man?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," replied the magistrate, carefully replacing the letter. "Thus the first attempt at murder is fully proved. For the one on the river we are not so far advanced. But I have found that Goriot is a first-rate swimmer. Also, he was on shore the night the vessel arrived, and none of his companions saw him that evening. No one noticed the next day that his clothes were wet, so he must have changed them. He took nothing with him from the ship, therefore he must have bought some clothes. How and where, I mean to find out. But we must do everything secretly, for the real criminals are in France, and they will escape us if they hear their accomplice is in trouble."

The surgeon drew Gabrielle's letter from his pocket, saying,—

"I know Paul's enemies—Zita Denman, Eugène Noriac, and others."

"But we must have evidence against them, doctor," replied the magistrate, refusing the letter. "And we will get it from Goriot. When I have proved that he was hired to murder M. de Najac, and when I show him how much of the money is still left, he will tell me the name of his employer."

"What?" cried the doctor. "Have you found his hoard?"

"No," replied the magistrate, smiling, "but I think I know where it is. I thoroughly examined his room, but found nothing. Suddenly a thought struck me. I sent for a man with whom Goriot had made a bet about swimming across the Dong-Nai. He came, and I discovered that when the two men had gone into the water, Goriot was most particular in regard to his clothes, which consisted of a shabby pair of trousers and an old blouse. On his return from the water he exhibited the greatest anxiety about the safety of these garments. I infer from this," said the magistrate, "that his clothes possessed a special value, known only to himself."

"Quite so," concurred the doctor.

Thus proceeding from one point to another, the magistrate had forged link after link of facts into a chain of proof establishing Goriot's guilt. He now asked for Gabrielle's letter, and like the doctor was struck with the depravity of Eugène Noriac.

"We have now a proof of complicity. He would never have abused Mlle. Saint-Roch's confidence if he had not been sure that Lieut. de Najac would never return to France."

The two men had been unconscious of the flight of time, and were astonished to find that night was approaching. They shook hands, and the surgeon made his way to the hospital, where, to his great surprise, he found that Paul had sunk into a deep sleep.

"It is a miracle!" said the old man, whose science was utterly at fault. Turning to Achard, he added, "How long has your master slept thus?"

"For an hour, sir!"

"And how did his eyes look when he fell asleep?"

"Quite calm and clear."

"He will pull through now. If he wakes during the night, send for me."

But Paul did not wake up; and he had hardly opened his eyes the next morning when the doctor entered his room.

"Now, doctor," he said, "one question. In how many days shall I be able to start for France? Fix a time, and I can wait; but uncertainty will kill me."

"I know what you suffer, my poor friend," said the surgeon, deeply touched. "I read that letter. I think in a month you will be able to sail."

"A month!" said Paul, as if he had said a century. Then he added, "I want those other letters."

"What! You would be so imprudent?"

"No, doctor, the blow has fallen. I know I must live if I want to save Gabrielle, or perhaps to avenge her. That thought will keep me alive."

The surgeon hesitated no longer, and Paul opened Gabrielle's other two letters. The one was merely a repetition of the first; the other was to warn him that she suspected Noriac of designs on his life.

"Look at this, doctor. Here is the explanation of the strange misfortunes that have pursued me since I left France."

"Ah!" said the doctor, reading Gabrielle's letter. "M. Noriac could not foresee that the assassin he had hired would be caught."

"What?" cried Paul, "the man who fired at me has been arrested?"

"Yes, by Achard," replied the old surgeon, "and now I think of it, why could you not see the lawyer? Do you feel strong enough?"

"Pray go for him at once," cried Paul.

"All right!" answered the doctor, and left the room.

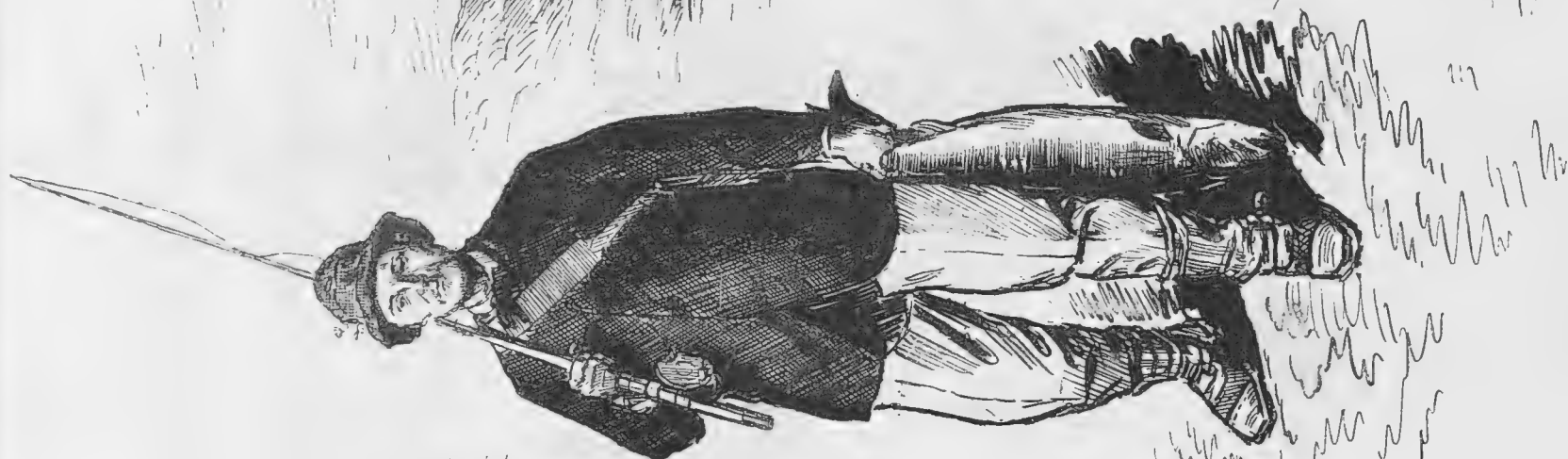
(To be continued. Commenced in No. 258, Jan. 4th, 1879.)

THE Irish sporting correspondent of the *Field* writes:—"As the Empress of Austria is now the cynosure of so many hundreds of eyes, and is such a general object of interest, I suppose it may be pardonable to devote a paragraph to her personal appearance in the hunting field. Every eye, they say, forms its own beauty; and some may hold her Majesty very beautiful, some may not. Pleasing and winning is the general verdict, I think; and in one thing all concur—that her seat on horseback and her hands and handling of her mount are absolutely perfect. Her Majesty's habits are miracles of the sartorial art, in which department the Teuton genius, from Stultz to Sticklebach and Wolmerhausen, is simply sublime. To-day she wore one of dark blue material, relieved by gold or gilt buttons in the Beaufort fashion. Her first mount was a very fine substantial brown horse called Investment—a hunter of some experience in carrying her Majesty, I hear; the second was poor Charlie Brindley's grey celebrity The Widow, who looks in less full and redundant condition than at Ashbourne, but otherwise most shapely and compact. The Empress rides her always, I think, in a plain snaffle."

The New East London Theatre in the Whitechapel-road was on Sunday night destroyed by fire. The flames were first discovered about a quarter to nine o'clock, and probably originated in the portion of the building where scenery is stored. In a short time the entire building was in flames, and was totally destroyed, together with a portion of the adjoining premises. The Head Fire Brigade Station was promptly communicated with at the outbreak of the fire, and in a short space of time nine steam fire-engines were in attendance; but the fire had at their arrival obtained such a hold that the firemen's efforts to check the conflagration were quite unavailing. Mr. Morris Abrahams was the lessee of the theatre, which had been closed for the past two weeks. Unlike the neighbouring theatre (the Pavilion) the East London was not open on Sunday evening for Gospel services. The fire also extended to No. 17, Fieldgate-street, occupied by Messrs. Hodge and Son, sugar refiners.

The Empress of Austria hunted on Monday with the Ward Staghounds.

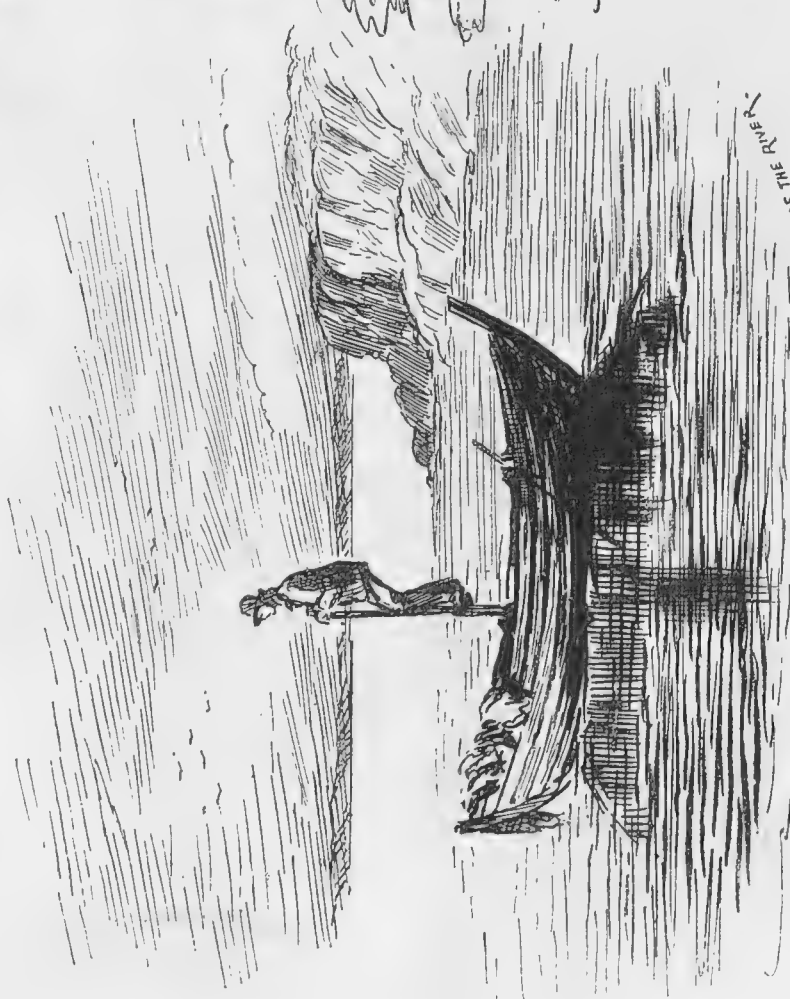
"GOLDEN STAR" BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]



THE INLET AT THE FALLS.



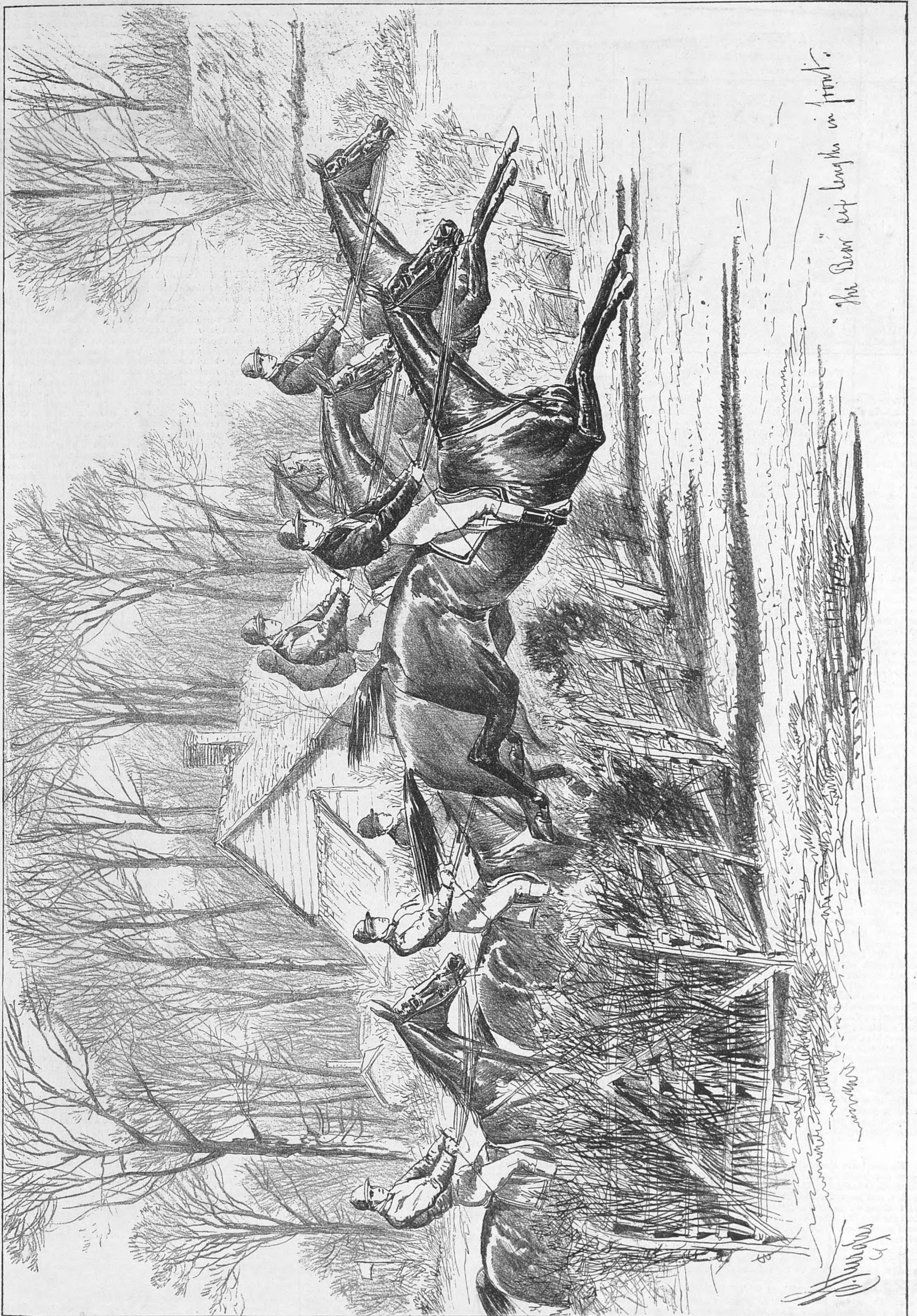
WATCHING FOR A SHOAL OF SALMON.



WATCHING FOR A SHOAL OF SALMON TO COME INTO THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER.



THE DRAG NET TEN MILES UP THE RIVER.



"The Bear" six lengths in front.

THE INTERNATIONAL HURDLE RACE AT CROYDON.

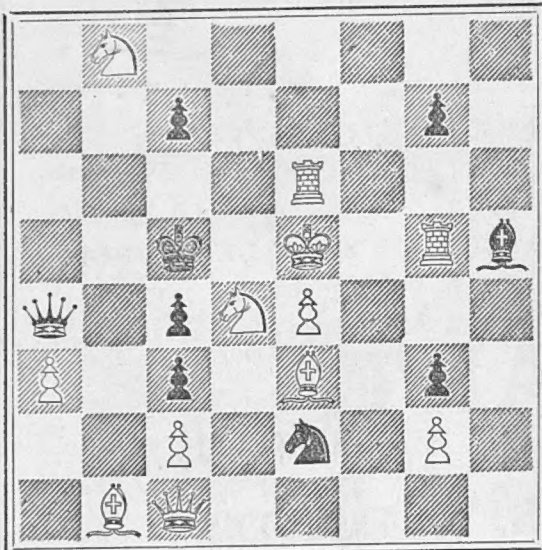
CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
[Unavoidably postponed.]

PROBLEM No. 223.

(A very pretty composition by H. E. KIDSON.)

BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—In a letter to a chess monthly Herr Zukertort complains of certain statements which appeared some weeks since in your journal. Now, as it was facts, not opinions, that disturbed his equanimity, he ought to have addressed his reply, if any, to the paper in which they were published; and I am surprised that some friend did not so advise him. The statements complained of were that a challenge from Captain Mackenzie had reached him, and that he had refused it for two reasons—(1) because after his Paris campaign he required a month's rest before fighting another battle; (2) because Mackenzie, the mere winner of the fourth prize, had no right to challenge him until he had beaten the winners of the second and third prizes. Well, I have read attentively Herr Z.'s letter, and find therein much indignation at some imaginary injustice, much trumpet-blowing, much laughing-to-scorn of the idea of any person presuming to challenge his royal highness, but no contradiction of your statements, no contravention of the alleged facts. To the mere skinner of his words it may seem otherwise, as when he says, "Neither Mackenzie nor any of his friends ever communicated to me any challenge from or by him." But then you, sir, never made the affirmation here denied. Your words were, "that the challenge did reach Zukertort, and was refused." Did reach him. Does he deny that statement? Does he mean to say that none of his own friends told him of the challenge? Some of them were present when I, as the authorised mouthpiece of Mackenzie, publicly issued the challenge. Does he deny that the alleged reasons or excuses for his refusal were actually made. If he does, then I tell him that the whole subject, excuses included, was openly, notoriously, universally, and even tediously discussed at the Divan and elsewhere by players of all classes.

From whom did those excuses emanate? If not from Herr Zukertort, then they must have been invented.

But says the Herr:

"Mackenzie, on his return from Scotland, saw me every day, but not a single one of his words implied that he would like to play me a match."

This may seem conclusive to Zukertort that no challenge was given, no match desired. But to me it is not so. On the contrary, it is just what was to be expected. Mackenzie having received a refusal of his challenge (as at the time he informed me and many others), being a gentleman of excellent taste and unusual modesty, very properly avoided, when in Zukertort's company, a topic that might have been distasteful to him.

Not content, however, with trying to defend himself, Herr Zukertort attacks Mackenzie. "How," says he, "about Mackenzie and his friends not knowing at the time my address? Considering he and myself were staying seven weeks at the same hotel he must have known that a letter addressed to the hotel, Mont Blanc, would be forwarded to me, even had I gone to the Antipodes. The excuse would be certainly ingenious if it were not ridiculous." Funny little man! as a friend of mine is wont in such cases to say. Because Tompkins stayed seven weeks in the same hotel with Pomplings, therefore if P. departs, then I must know that a letter addressed to Mont Blanc will reach his departed friend, even had the latter voyaged away to the dominions of Pluto regions!

Sir, I can pardon, even in a good chess player, bad logic, but I must reprobate most severely an unjust imputation. That imputation is, that Mackenzie pretended to be ignorant of Zukertort's address, because he feared and wished to avoid the acceptance of his challenge. On this point I have only to say (1) that Mackenzie is utterly incapable of anything mean or deceptive; (2) that there is not an atom of ground upon which to base the charge implied; (3) that I know that Mackenzie made great sacrifices both of time and money in the hope of getting up this match.

The other parts of Herr Zukertort's letter it is no business of mine to comment upon, further than to say that his gratuitous depreciation of Mackenzie as a chess player is as unworthy of Herr Zukertort's own position as it is of my notice.—I am, &c.,
G. A. MAC DONNELL.

We now leave our readers to decide whether our statements were not justified, and whether Herr Zukertort has disproved our facts, or has not, by his defence, dimmed the lustre of his reputation, and jeopardised his character for justice and generosity. His calling us, as he does, "anonymous scribblers" is pitiful, but pardonable; when he knows a little of journalistic etiquette, as it prevails in this country, he will, doubtless, see the absurdity of the phrase, and regret that he ever made use of it. But that he should write down Mackenzie's play as ridiculous, and unfairly define his position in the Paris Tourney, is an offence against good manners and good taste that we cannot suffer to go unpunished.

Thus writes the great Herr: "Mackenzie was seven points behind the second man." True, probably; but is that statement a fair account of Mackenzie's position in that Tourney, and of his pretensions to challenge the winner of the first prize? We must supplement the statement, and turn a half truth into a whole one. Even thus—Mackenzie, in his personal encounters,

beat the first prize man, the illustrious Herr himself, and also "the second man." Each of them by three points to one!

Then Herr Zukertort ridicules an extemporised comparison between Mackenzie's and Morphy's achievements in *Europe*, a comparison never made, we believe, by any person; albeit, in many respects these champions closely resemble one another. In soundness of combination, keenness of perception, quickness of movement, freedom from blunders, placidity of temperament and chivalrous bearing, Morphy has in Mackenzie no unworthy disciple.

We observe that Herr Zukertort in his letter respecting our statement, after the word "column," parenthetically inserts "sic" as though to mark the incorrectness of the expression used; no doubt he would have written *columns*, but is he aware that ours is but one single column? But stay. Can it be that he only introduced the word to proclaim his vast knowledge of the Latin tongue, or did he use it as an abbreviated form of the word "sick" to indicate the unpleasant condition into which his perusal of our article plunged him!

The Herr has condescended to give us advice, let us now return the favour in kind. Here, then it is—Play chess, and even write about the game if you like, but don't criticise the living masters of the game, for it seems to be your nature to delight in discovering faults and concealing merits. Don't unnecessarily impute bad motives. Don't depreciate a rival's strength, even though he has beaten you. In short, don't write letters at all about any chess-players, or, if you must do so, cease to be unfair, and learn to be modest.

VETERINARIAN.

WORMS IN HORSES.

Our readers may wonder why our two last subjects and this one should belong to very different departments of pathology, and thus show no systematic selection, but our reasons for this selection are: First, we do not want even for one moment to be thought to be producing an imperfect practice of physic; and second, we prefer choosing subjects that are at once common ailments and capable of being successfully dealt with by amateurs. As we remarked before, no horseman, even when money is no object, cares to be continually appealing to professional assistance, and most horsemen have rather a liking for a little bit of safe quackery.

Of all the causes of lost condition, next to defects in the teeth perhaps, worms in the intestines is the most common. The "income" of the horse, as it has now become the fashion to name the food, may be right in every respect; it may be that the food is of proper quality, is given in correct quantities, and at timely intervals. The "outcome" is not in excess. By outcome these moderns refer to the energy expended, and yet there is less flesh on the horse, and he "works soft." Fortunately Jeames' powers of observation are quite equal to the occasion, and worms are seen from time to time to be quitted, and at last it dawns on the help to draw the coachman's attention to the interesting fact, who in turn reports the case to the "gavner."

There is no ailment that affects the horse which may be undertaken with better chances of ultimate success than worms in the alimentary canal. Owing to the horse being a strict vegetarian, tape-worms, and such as arise from eating animal matter, are hardly ever seen; so that, as a matter of fact, practically we have only two kinds to deal with, namely, the *long round worm*, two or three inches in length, and the *small thread worm* which, as their name sufficiently indicates, are like short bits of white thread.

In treating the horse for these two varieties, we have to remember that the *thread worms* inhabit the rectum, and are best approached by injections, whilst the *long round worms* inhabit portions of the canal much nearer the stomach, and which, therefore, have to be got at *via* the mouth and stomach. Before passing on to the detail of treatment of these two varieties, we may remark in passing that they each give rise to distinct symptoms. Of course when, as is most commonly the case, they are seen mixed with the evacuations, we need not further trouble ourselves about symptoms produced. But when, as is sometimes the case, we see unthriftiness in the horse and can find nothing to account for it, then we have to look for symptoms of the presence of worms, whether we suspect them being present or not. *Thread-worms* infest the rectum—the gut near the tail—and give rise to much itchiness of the parts, so that the poor brute screws his quarters around in his stall to reach the post which separates him from his fellow. Failing to find a resisting point against which to rub himself, he attempts to reach the parts with his teeth. When outside the stable, his desire is to rub the parts, and frequently in his attempts, his posture endangers, or at least inconveniences, those who may be driving him; he will back against the splash-board, or against any object he can reach, and attempt to rub. Being always on the outlook for a rubbing-post, he succeeds in time in rubbing off the hair at the top of the stump of the tail and thus disfigures himself. Even *thread worms*, although they do not attack and disturb the food-imbibing part of the alimentary canal, cause a loss of condition from the distress and restlessness they induce. Fortunately they are extremely easy to dislodge. A six-dram aloetic purging ball dissolved in a quart of warm water, and gently injected will bring them away. A better remedy still is an injection of tincture of iron mixed in lime-water; six ounces of the former to three pints of the latter. Before giving either of these injections, it is well to inject a good quantity of warm water, so as to clear the surface of the bowel, in order that there may be no impediment to the medicine reaching every individual. The *round worms* do not produce such decided symptoms of their presence. Indeed, we can only suspect their presence unless we see them in the evacuations. In order to remove them we have first to poison them, and then to cause their expulsion. The best poison for them is spirits of turpentine. The expelling agent is the common aloetic physic ball. Working horses are best treated in the following way. In order to lose as little of their services as possible, if work be suspended at noon on Saturday instead of giving a full dinner of hay and corn, give only hay and bran mashes until bed-time. Then before feeding on Sunday morning give two ounces each of spirits of turpentine and sweet spirits of nitre in twelve ounces of raw linseed-oil. Through the day give only bran-mashes, and in the afternoon give the physic-ball, and treat accordingly. The worms take their breakfast on Sunday morning for the last time: they either are killed right out, or so stupefied that their "staying powers" are overcome by the physic. By Tuesday noon the horse can resume work which had best be of a light description.

We cannot close our remarks without a passing reference to Bots. These nuisances fix themselves to the coat of the stomach, and stay there until they find it convenient to quit their hold. Bots, as our readers are aware, are the larvæ of the *gad-fly*, which hovers over the horse whilst running out at grass in the summer, and settles on his shoulder, and there deposits its eggs which stick to the hair, and get licked off by the horse, and taken into the stomach. When once they get into the stomach they are difficult to dislodge, but it is an extremely easy matter to prevent

them getting into the stomach if grooms would only wash the eggs from the hair of the shoulders with a little spirits of wine, which dissolves the gluey matter by which they adhere to the hair. Hardly anything will dislodge them when once they get into the stomach, as their heads get shielded by being buried in the coats of the stomach. Fortunately they, as a rule, do little harm unless they are in such quantities as to actually cover so much of the secreting surface of the stomach, that there is not sufficient left for digestive purposes. An Indian Vet. once told the writer that half-a-pound of alum dissolved in as little water as possible and given as a drench was a good thing. We never tried it, but can quite believe it to be effective. Their presence is known by one or more of their number appearing in the evacuations sometimes. We advise horse owners to prevent them reaching the stomach by the simple precaution we have named, which is easily carried out, as the eggs are well seen when present. If we cannot prevent them all reaching the stomach, we can at least prevent most of them, if we try, and they only do harm by their excessive numbers.

When the alimentary canal has been harbouring worms of any kind we shall find it none the better for it. Often the surface they have infested is congested and irritable, and needs treatment. This being so it is well to give small doses of sulphate of iron in the corn daily, for a week or two. Two drams may be given with each feed of corn. This usually completes the cure and renders further trouble unnecessary.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.

On Tuesday afternoon (18th inst.) the annual general meeting of the friends and supporters of this institution was held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, London. His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Privy Seal, President of the Institution, occupied the chair on the occasion. The meeting was influential and numerously attended. The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said that he should have very few words to say, for however eventful the past year had been with regard to the extraordinary severity of the weather, and in other respects, yet as far as the action of the lifeboats had been concerned, it had not produced any more than usual startling cases of danger or distress. The services of the institution had, as usual, been most successful (hear, hear). They had now a noble fleet of lifeboats which was ever ready in the stormiest weather night or day to succour the shipwrecked sailor (cheers). He felt assured that an institution which had such a hold on the national feeling would continue to prosper, as long as England would remain an essentially naval kingdom (hear, hear). Mr. Richard Lewis, barrister and secretary of the institution, then read the annual report, which commenced by stating that since the last meeting ten new lifeboats had been placed on our coasts, there now being 268 lifeboats under the management of the society. During the year 1878 the lifeboats of the institution had saved four hundred and seventy-one persons from wrecked or endangered vessels, nearly the whole of them under perilous circumstances, when ordinary boats could not have been employed without great risk of life to those on board them. In addition, the lifeboats had helped last year to rescue 17 vessels from destruction. For those services, and for saving 145 lives by fishing-boats and other means, 11 silver medals and votes of thanks inscribed on vellum, and £2,750 had been granted by the institution. It was satisfactory to know that the exertions of the lifeboat men on the disastrous occasions of shipwreck continued to be most gallant and persevering, and that these invaluable services were performed without the loss of a single life, or an accident to any of the boats employed, notwithstanding the fact that on service and quarterly exercise the lifeboats were manned in the year by about 12,000 persons. The number of lives saved since the establishment of the institution, either by its lifeboats or by special exertions for which it had granted rewards, was 26,051. For these services it had voted 92 gold and 892 silver medals, besides pecuniary awards to the amount of £57,710. The committee cordially acknowledged the continued co-operation of the Local Branch Committees and their honorary secretaries, and the coast-guard, boatmen, and fishermen. Many very liberal donations and legacies received during the past year were gratefully acknowledged. The total amount of the donations, subscriptions, and dividends received during that period had been £34,493, of which sum £4,580 were special gifts to defray the cost of eight lifeboats. The expenditure had amounted to £37,439. The items of receipt and expenditure were detailed in the financial statement annexed to the report, audited, as usual, by Mr. Lovelock, public accountant. The committee, in conclusion, observed that they were deeply sensible, as years rolled around, of the increasing importance of their duties, and encouraged by the sympathy and generous support which they had hitherto received, were animated afresh in laying the claims of the institution before the British public. After the meeting had been addressed by the Marquis of Headfort, the Earl of Courtown, the Right Honourable Stephen Cave, M.P., and other distinguished persons, Admiral of the Fleet, Sir George Sartorius, K.C.B., said that he had very great satisfaction in moving the following resolution:—"That this meeting regards with much satisfaction the brave exertions of the coxswains and crews of the lifeboats, who are ever willing to go afloat in them in the stormiest weather and the darkest nights." The Earl Percy, M.P., seconded the resolution, and the meeting terminated with thanks to the officers for their untiring exertions.

The International Pigeon-shooting Meeting at San Donato, Florence, took place on Thursday and Friday week, the enclosure being well attended by a large and representative body of sportsmen, whilst the competition for the principal prizes evoked a considerable amount of interest. The chief event on the first day was the Prix de San Donato, an *objet d'art*, added to a £4 sweepstakes, at nine birds each, three at 26 metres, three at 27, and three at 22. Out of the 38 competitors Mr. E. R. G. Hopwood and Colonel M. D. Treherne tied by killing all their nine birds, and when shooting off on the usual conditions Mr. E. R. G. Hopwood, who it will be remembered won the Grand Prix du Casino at Monaco this year, was once again successful, beating his opponent at the second round. Mr. Hopwood shot throughout in fine style with one of Messrs. Dougall's guns on their "express" system of choke bore. A pool of 28 metres which followed was placed to the credit of Mr. Drugman, who shot with a similar gun. On the following day the Prix de Consolation (handicap) was brought to an issue, and once more Mr. Hopwood finished ahead of all others, killing 11 birds consecutively, Mr. Hecht being second. A double rise sweepstakes was awarded to Mr. Hopwood, who on the two days' shooting thus secured two very handsome *objets d'art* and upwards of 4,000 francs.

On Saturday, three kennels of greyhounds were sold by auction at Aldridge's Repository, attracting a large number of coursing men. Ten and a half brace of dogs from the kennels of the late Mr. Arthur Allison fetched a total of 302gs. Mr. Campbell secured Aglaia for 72gs., and two saplings brought 72gs. From Mr. Maxwell's kennel, Marquis of Lorne fetched 42gs., Master Arthur 30gs., and Melody 25gs. Mr. Ede's dogs were also sold. Nine of the hounds of the Cork United Hunt Club fell dead whilst hunting on Friday week, having been poisoned.

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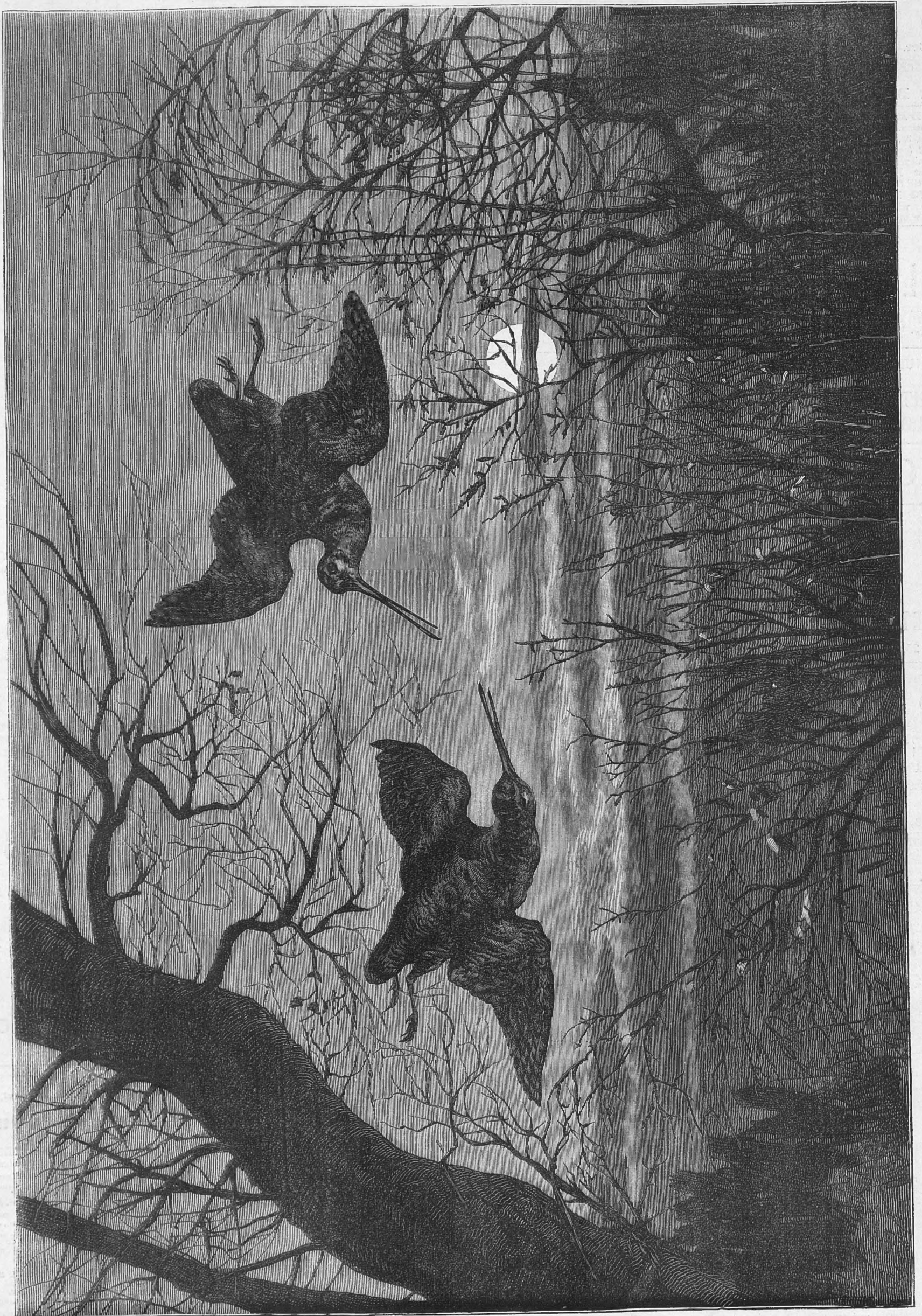
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